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HYMNS -

FAMILY WORSHIP,

WITH

PRAYERS

FOR

EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK.

Selected from various Authors.

BY JOHN CODMAN, A. M.

Pastor of the Second Church in Dorchester.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.... *Psalm cxviii, 15.*

Those do well that pray morning and evening in their families; those do better that pray and read the Scriptures; but those do best of all that pray, and read, and sing psalms..... *PHILIP HENRY.*

Second Edition.

BOSTON:

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AND CROCKER & BREWSTER,
No. 50, Cornhill.

1821.

Published according to an act of Congress.

TO

THOSE FAMILIES,

"WHO CALL UPON THE NAME OF THE LORD,"

THIS COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS & PRAYERS,

DESIGNED TO ASSIST THEIR DEVOTIONS,

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

By their devoted servant

In the Gospel,

JOHN CODMAN.



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PREFACE.

FAMILIES may, with propriety, be considered the nurseries of the church. Every one, then, who desires the prosperity of Zion, will do all in his power to promote and advance family religion. It is with this view that the Compiler of this little collection of Hymns and Prayers offers them to the religious publick.

The declension of religion at the present day, is in nothing more obvious than in the decay of the family altar. How few are the families who call upon the name of the Lord! And of those, who yet practise this duty, how many perform it with lifeless formality and cold indifference! With many the reading of the Scriptures is dispensed with, and with most families in this part of the country, the primitive practice of singing is altogether neglected or unknown. To attempt to revive this practice is the object of this little collection. The Compiler is sensible that, in some families, Singing is not practicable; but he believes there are very few, where some may not be found who can engage in this delightful part of worship: in those few instances where no one can sing, a hymn may be read to edification.

In the course of his ministerial duties, the Compiler has frequently urged upon his parishioners the duty and propriety of singing in their families, and has generally found it alleged as an objection, that the Hymn Books in common use are kept at the place of publick worship,—that they are large and expensive books, and contain but few hymns adapted to the situation and circumstances of a family. To obviate these difficulties the following Collection was made. Most of the hymns are taken from Dr. Watts, Dr. Doddridge and Mrs. Steele, whose praise is in all the churches. A few Prayers are added at the close of the collection from Mr. Toplady and Dr. Scott, two divines of the church of England, with a view to assist those diffident persons, and we trust humble christians, whose reluctance to engage in extemporaneous exercises in the family, leads them to an entire neglect of one of the plainest and most important duties of our holy religion. With the Scriptures and this little book, every pious man, however reserved, can conduct the delightful exercises of family worship.

The Compiler has no pecuniary interest in the sale of this little volume; he can, therefore, with greater confidence request the patronage and encouragement of the religious publick in attempting to introduce an important part of family religion, which has been long neglected.

Dorchester, Jan. 1813.

HYMNS

FOR

FAMILY WORSHIP.

HYMN 1. L. M.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 **ANOTHER** six days' work is done!
Another Sabbath is begun!
Return my soul enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day that God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away;
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 2. L. M.

Sabbath Evening.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our lab'ring souls aspire
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress;
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
 No groans to mingle with the songs,
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O, long expected day, begin;
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

HYMN 3. C. M.

Sabbath Morning.

1 LORD in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
 In ways of righteousness!
 Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

HYMN 4. C. M.

Sabbath Evening.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
 To shed its quick'ning beams;
 And yet how slow devotion burns,
 How languid are its flames.

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
 We would be like the saints above,
 And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

HYMN 5. L. M.

Sabbath Morning.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are,
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God;
 My God, my King, why should I be
 So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set,
 To find the way to Zion's gate;
 God is their strength, and through the road,
 They lean upon their helper God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
 'Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
 'Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

HYMN 6. L. M.

Sabbath Evening.

1 SWEET is the work, my God my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of saered rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joys are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more:
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below;
 And ev'ry power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 7. L. M.

Sabbath Morning.

1 My Saviour, my eternal Friend,
 Accept my morning sacrifice;
 While prostrate at thy feet I bend,
 And hail the day that saw thee rise.

2 When through the shades of night I slept,
 Suspended all my active powers;
 Thy guardian care soft vigils kept,
 And sav'd me in those dangerous hours.

3 My opening eyes with rapture see
 The dawn of thy returning day;
 And all my thoughts ascend to thee,
 While thus my early vows I pay.

4 I yield my heart to thee alone,
 Nor would receive another guest:
 My dearest Lord, erect thy throne,
 And reign sole monarch of my breast.

5 O bid this trifling world retire,
 And drive each carnal thought away;
 Nor let me feel one vain desire,
 One sinful wish through all the day.

6 Then while I to thy courts repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

HYMN 8. L. M.

Sabbath Evening.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel to thee
Thine humble suppliants bend the knee;
O meet us in this lov'd recess,
And with thy gracious presence bless.

2 To thee our grateful songs arise,
Accept the humble sacrifice;
'Tis all we have, Almighty King,
Before thine holy throne to bring.

3 Abstract our thoughts from earth and sense;
Withdraw our fond affections thence;
From worldly cares our minds call home,
And fix our souls on thee 'alone.

4 May we impartially review,
Each wand'ring thought our bosoms knew;
If serious feelings fill'd each heart,
The day will evening joys impart.

5 May we till life and breath shall end,
To God our earthly Sabbaths spend;
Nor ever from his courts remove,
'Till rais'd to nobler praise above.

HYMN 9. C. M.

Sabbath Morning.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround his throne.

2 To day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell:
 To day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son!
 Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
 With messages of grace,
 Who comes in God the Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise,
 The highest heavens in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN 10. C. M.

Sabbath Evening.

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I,
 Behold thee all serene?

Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my way to ceaseless joys,
Where Sabbaths never end.

HYMN 11. C. M.

Sabbath Morning.

1 BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saints delight,
A day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising did thee raise;
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond the common days.

5 The first fruits do a blessing prove
 To all the sheaves behind;
 And they who do a Sabbath love,
 A happy week shall find.

4 This day must I for God appear,
 For Lord, the day is thine;
 O may I spend it in thy fear,
 Then shall the day be mine.

5 Let thy good Spirit help my soul,
 With faith thy word to hear;
 Be with me in thy temple, Lord,
 And let me find thee near.

HYMN 12. C. M.

Sabbath Evening.

1 WELCOME and precious to my soul,
 Are these sweet days of love;
 But what a Sabbath shall I keep
 When I shall rest above!

2 These are the sweet and precious days
 On which, my Lord I've seen;
 And oft when feasting on his love
 In rapture, I have been.

3 O, if my soul, when death appears
 In this blest frame be found,
 I'd clasp my Saviour in mine arms,
 And leave this earthly ground.

4 I long for that delightful hour,
When from this clay unrest;
I shall be cloth'd in robes divine,
And made forever blest.

HYMN 13. L. M.

Sabbath Morning.

1 AWAKE my heart, my soul arise!
This is the day believers prize:
Improve this Sabbath then with care,
Another may not be thy share.

2 O, solemn thought! Lord give me power
Wisely to fill up every hour;
O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my heart and soul above!

3 Jesus assist, nor let me fail
To worship thee within the veil;
To glorify thy matchless grace,
To see the beauties of thy face.

4 Go with me to thy house to day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray;
Like dew, command thy word to fall,
Refreshing, quickening, saving all.

5 Call forth my thoughts and let them rose
O'er the green pastures of thy love;
O let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.

6 Give to thy church a large increase!
Send her prosperity and peace:
May all the saints in Zion say—
O happy, happy, happy day.

HYMN 14. L. M.

Sabbath Evening.

1 LET me adore his boundless grace,
His condescension and his love;
Which taught my soul to seek his face,
And drew my heart to things above.

2 Fain would I sing, and praise the Lord,
Oft has he blest me in his house;
Fain would I live upon his word,
And keep my oft repeated vows.

3 Yet would I mourn with conscious shame
What sin my holiest duties stain;
My best performances are lame,
And all without atonement vain.

4 Christ's righteousness alone I plead,
And cast my offerings at his feet;
His merits must for me succeed,
Thro' him acceptance I shall meet.

5 Thanks to his name, his cov'nant love
Remains unalterably strong;
I shall his great salvation prove;
He is my light, my life, my song.

6 My heart is now his blest abode,
 I love his ways, his name revere;
 Soon shall I mount the hill of God,
 To spend an endless Sabbath there.

HYMN 15. L. M.

Communion Sabbath....MORNING.

1 My God! and is thy table spread?
 And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail sacred feast which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood,
 Thrice happy he, who there partakes,
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 O, let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That there its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Let crowds attend with hearts prepar'd,
 With hearts inflam'd let all attend!
 Nor when we leave the Saviour's board,
 The pleasure, or the profit end.

HYMN 16. L. M.

Communion Sabbath....EVENING.

1 Now let us join to praise the Lord,
 With cheerful songs and one accord;
 To him our grateful homage pay,
 For all the blessings of the day.

2 Sweet were the duties of this day,
 When Christians met to praise and pray,
 And sinners heard thy holy word,
 And turn'd, and own'd, and prais'd the Lord.

3 But sweeter still when Jesus spread
 His gracious board with living bread,
 And gave his body for our food,
 And for our drink his precious blood.

4 How did our hearts within us burn!
 How did our souls to Jesus turn!
 When at the table of his grace,
 An unseen Saviour filled the place.

5 O may the impressions of this day
 Ne'er be effaced nor wear away,
 But 'thro' the week may they extend,
 And last 'till life itself shall end.

HYMN 17. L. M.

Morning.

1 God of the morning at whose voice
 The cheerful sun make haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice
 To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
 The circuit of his race begins,
 And, without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O like the sun may I fulfil
 Th' appointed duties of the day;
 With ready mind and active will
 March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss;
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN 18. L. M.

July 12th Evening.

1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known,
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 **M**uch of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.

3 **I** lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head,
 While well appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 **T**hus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN 19. C. M.

Morning.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
 To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
 My tongue shall speak his praise;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flaine,
 And yet his wrath delays.

4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun;
 And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.

5 Dear Lord let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasing night.

HYMN 20. C. M.

Evening.

1 DREAD Sovereign let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the offerings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard;
 And still to drive my wants away,
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around;
 But O, how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who died
 To save my wretched soul?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as the minutes roll.

5 Lord with this guilty heart of mine
 To thy dear cross I flee;
 And to thy grace my soul resign
 To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 21. L. M.

Morning.

1 FATHER of lights we sing thy name,
 Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
 Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
 His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good! from thee proceed
 The copious drops of genial rain;
 Which thro' the hills and thro' the meads
 Revive the grass and swell the grain.

3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread,
 Yet millions of our guilty race,
 Tho' by thy daily bounty fed,
 Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace;

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
 But what thy lib'ral hand imparts
 Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

HYMN 22. L. M.

Evening.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song,
 With humble gratitude I raise;
 O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
 And every gently rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wond'rous grace
 And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
 Too oft regardless of thy love;
 Ungrateful can from thee depart,
 And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of Jesus; his dear name alone
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,
 And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 23. L. M.

Morning.

1 AWAKE my soul and with the sun,
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Lord I my vows to thee renew!
 Scatter my sins like morning dew:
 Guard my first springs of thought and will;
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers with all their might
 In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below;
 Praise him above ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 24 L. M.

Evening.

1 GLORY to thee my God this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed:
 Teach me to die, that so I may,
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
 Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below;
 Praise him above ye heav'ly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 25. C. M.

Morning.

1 God of our lives, our morning songs,
 To thee we cheerful raise,
 Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
 And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Guardian of man, thy wakeful eyes
 Nor sleep nor slumbers know;
 Thine eyes pierce thro' the shades of night,
 Intent on all below.

3 Sustain'd by thee our opening eyes,
 Salute the morning light;
 Secure we stand, unhurt by all
 The arrows of the night.

4 Our lives renew'd, our strength repair'd,
 To thee our God are due;
 Teach us thy ways, and give us grace
 Our duty to pursue.

5 From every evil way defend,
 But guard us most from sin;
 Direct our goings out O Lord,
 And bless our comings in.

6 O may thy holy fear command,
 Each action, thought, and word;
 Then shall we sweetly close the day,
 Approv'd of thee, O Lord.

HYMN 26. C. M.

Evening.

- 1 AUTHOR of life with grateful heart
Our evening song we'll raise;
But O, thy thousand, thousand gifts,
Exceed our highest praise.
- 2 What shall we render to thy care,
Which us this day has kept;
A thankful heart's the least return,
And this thou wilt accept.
- 3 Now night has spread her sable wings,
We would the day review;
Our errors nicely mark and see,
What still we have to do.
- 4 What sins, or follies, holy God
We may this day have done;
We would confess with grief, and pray
For pardon through thy Son.
- 5 Much of our precious time we've lost,
This foolish waste forgive:
By one day nearer brought to death
May we begin to live.

HYMN 27. L. M.

Morning.

- 1 How should the morning of my days,
Be spent in humble prayer and praise,
To Him who gave me life and breath,
And still preserves my soul from death.

2 God has from sleep restor'd my sight,
 I'll praise him for the morning light:
 For his protecting grace I'll pray,
 To guard and keep me all the day.

3 I'll still resolve to seek his face,
 And praise him for redeeming grace;
 I love his name, I love his word,
 I love to commune with the Lord.

4 Up to his throne I'll lift my eyes,
 He will regard my early cries;
 He will not frown my soul away,
 He loves to hear his children pray.

5 To him I'll dedicate my days,
 Then shall I prosper in my ways;
 And whilst my calling I pursue,
 His praise shall terminate my view.

6 O may his condescending love,
 Still draw my heart to things above;
 That I among his saints may know
 The joys of Heaven begun below.

HYMN 28. L. M.

Evening.

1 God of my days, God of my nights,
 Source of my soul's supreme delights,
 Come manifest thy love to me,
 And let me close this day with thee.

2 Nearness to Christ I fain would find,
O let not distance vex my mind;
I long to know my sins forgiv'n,
To converse with the God of Heav'n.

3 Send, Source of Light, some cheering ray,
To turn my darkness into day;
I mourn and think thy absence long,
O listen to my evening song.

4 Command my blindness to depart,
Still keep me from a careless heart;
Lord captivate each vain desire,
And raise these vile affections higher.

5 O let the mercies of this day,
Teach me to praise as well as pray;
Now take, my soul, to Jesus' breast,
Thy safest, sweetest, surest rest.

HYMN 29. L. M.

Morning.

1 TIR'D with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd my evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.

2 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

3 But God sustain'd me all the night,
Salvation doth to God belong;
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

HYMN 30. C. M.

Evening.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep,
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

HYMN 31. C. M.

Morning.

1 AWAKE my soul to meet the day,
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faulties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread
 In my defenceless sleep:
 Let him have all my waking hours,
 Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
 And arm my soul with grace;
 As rising now, I seal my vows
 To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise;
 Thy radiant beams display,
 And guide my dark bewildered soul
 To everlasting day.

HYMN 32. C. M.

Evening.

1 Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er,
 They strike me with surprise:
 Not all the sands that spread the shore
 To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
 The product of thy skill;
 And hourly blessings from thy hands
 Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
 How kind, how dear to me!
 O may the hour that ends my sleep,
 Still find my thoughts with thee.

HYMN 33. C. M.

Morning.

1 To thee, great God, in thankful song
 My morning vows shall rise;
Thy goodness made my slumbers sweet,
 And cheers my waking eyes.

2 With joyful heart I now behold
 The sun's enlivening beams;
I might have wak'd in wild affright,
 Amidst devouring flames.

3 How many dear to thee, opprest
 With cares, and fears, and pain,
Sleepless, have wish'd returning day,
 And day return'd in vain;

4 Still on their restless beds they lie,
 Their woes bewailing still;
Whilst I, rais'd up from soft repose,
 A thousand comforts feel.

5 Through whate'er trying scenes this day,
 I may be called to pass;
Lord grant me in the needful hour
 Thy all-sufficient grace.

6 The dark illume, th' afflicting cheer,
 With thy paternal love;
Nor let my earthly pleasures spoil
 My taste for those above.

7 Thus every morning shall my song
 As holy incense rise,
 Propitious in thy Son accept
 The willing sacrifice.

HYMN 34. C. M.

Evening.

1 Now from the altar of our hearts
 Let flames of love arise,
 Assist us Lord to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were,
 More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
 Do a new song require;
 'Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts' desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
 New time upon our score;
 Thee may we praise for all our time,
 When time shall be no more.

HYMN 35. C. M.

Morning.

1 Lord of my life, O may thy praise
 Employ my noblest pow'rs;
 Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
 And fills the circling hours.

2 Preserv'd by thine almighty arm,
 I pass'd the shades of night;
 Serene and safe from every harm,
 And see returning light.

3 O let the same Almighty care,
 My waking hours attend;
 From every danger, every snare
 My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

HYMN 36. C. M.

Evening.

1 INDULGENT God whose bounteous care
 O'er all thy works is shown;
 O let my grateful praise and prayer
 Ascend before thy throne.

2 What mercies has this day bestow'd,
 How largely hast thou blest!
 My cup with plenty overflow'd
 With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may soft slumbers close my eyes,
 From pain and sickness free;
 And let my wakeing thoughts arise
 To meditate on thee.

4 Thus bless each future day and night,
 'Till life's vain scene is o'er;
 And then to realms of endless light,
 O let my spirit soar.

HYMN 37. S. M.

Morning.

1 SEE how the mounting sun
 Pursues his shining way,
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
 With ev'ry brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
 Its heavenly Parent sing;
 And to its great Original
 The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
 Beneath his guardian care;
 I slept, and I awoke, and found
 My kind Preserver near!

4 Thus does thine arm support
 This weak defenceless frame;
 But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
 All worthless as I am?

5 O! how shall I repay
 The bounties of my God!
 This feeble spirit pants beneath
 The pleasing painful load,

6 Dear Saviour to thy cross
 I bring my sacrifice;
 Cleans'd by thy blood, it shall arise
 With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
 Devote, O Lord, to thee;
 And in thy service I would spend
 A long eternity.

HYMN 38. S. M.

Evening.

1 THE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;
 O may we all remember well,
 The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep
 'Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
 And view th' unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove;
 O, may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 39. C. M.

Morning.

1 To thee, let my first offerings rise,
 Whose sun creates the day,
 Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
 And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh,
 So oft vouchsafed before;
 Still may it lead, protect, supply,
 And I, that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy Providence impart,
 For which, resigned, I pray;
 Give me to feel the grateful heart,
 And without guilt be gay.

4 Affliction, should thy love intend,
 As vice or folly's cure;
 Patient, to gain that gracious end,
 May I the means endure.

5 May this, and every future day,
 Be wiser than the past;
 And when I all my life survey,
 May grace sustain at last.

HYMN. 40. C. M.

Evening.

1 O THOU, the Parent of the day,
The God of ev'ry hour!

Fain would I dwell upon thy love
Thy goodness, and thy pow'r!

2 May that reflection now be mine
The season should inspire;
The lighter thoughts of day suppress,
Suppress each vain desire.

3 Great God! while roll the midnight hours
O let me own thy care!
And through each period yet unseen,
Thy living presence share.

4 Though deep'ning shadows all around,
A dark confusion throw;
Yet in this bosom darker still,
'Tis thine, each thought to know.

5 Oh there, with gratitude and love,
May faith and joy reside;
Nor aught beyond yon vaulted skies,
My brighter hopes divide.

6 So when the day of life is past,
The mortal veil withdrawn;
Then on my raptur'd, longing sight,
Eternity shall dawn.

HYMN 41. C. M.

Morning.

1 WITH thee, great God, the stores of light
 And stores of darkness lie;
 Thou form'st the sable veil of night,
 And spread'st it round the sky.

2 And when with welcome slumber prest,
 We close our weary eyes;
 Thy power unseen, secures our rest,
 And makes us joyful rise.

3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
 Their long, eternal doom,
 And lost the joys of morning light
 In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers, on restless beds still lie,
 And still their woes bewail;
 While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
 A thousand pleasures feel.

5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
 Our morning thoughts arise,
 Propitious in thy Son accept
 The willing sacrifice.

HYMN 42. L. M.

Evening.

1 BLEST Lord, when darkness veils the skies,
 Prevent the slumber of my eyes,
 Till, bowed before the King of kings,
 I ask myself the following things.

2 Where have I been? what have I done?
 To what new follies have I run?
 Have I observed each rising thought?
 And done the things which God hath taught?

3 Do secret thoughts and actions prove
 My love to God who reigns above?
 Do my affections rise on high,
 As days and nights successive fly?

4 Do I rejoice in that wise plan,
 Which governs all the affairs of man!
 Gives life, and health, and joy, and rest,
 And sends afflictions when 'tis best!

5 And when God's holy law I hear,
 Does it alarm my heart with fear?
 Or does it sweetly rule within
 And make me hate and fly from sin?

6 Lord, help me see and try my heart,
 And search me through in every part;
 Cleanse me from sin and warm my love,
 Thus fit me for the world above.

HYMN 43. S. M.

Morning.

1 BEHOLD the lofty sky
 Declares its Maker, God,
 And all his starry works on high,
 Proclaim his power abroad,

2 The darkness and the light
 Still keep their course the same,
 While night to day and day to night,
 Divinely teach his name.

3 In every diff'rent land,
 Their gen'ral voice is known;
 They shew the wonders of his hand,
 And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice!
 Here he reveals his word;
 We are not left to nature's voice,
 To bid us know the Lord.

HYMN 44. S. M.

Evening.

1 THE swift declining day,
 How fast its moments fly!
 While evening's broad and gloomy shade
 Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
 And use the hours of light;
 And know its Maker can command
 An instantaneous night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
 Who rules the whirling sphere;
 Submissive at his footstool bow,
 And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
 Through horror's darkest gloom,
 And lead you to unchanging light
 In a celestial home.

HYMN 45. L. M.

Morning.

1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 We safely pass'd the silent night;
 At once we see the breaking shade,
 And drink again the morning light.

2 New born, we bless the waking hour,
 Once more with awe rejoice to be;
 Our conscious souls resume their power,
 And spring, O gracious God, to thee.

3 O guide us through the various maze,
 Our doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
 When dangers press around our head.

4 A deeper shade will soon impend,
 A deeper sleep our eyes oppress;
 Yet still thy strength shall us defend,
 Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall fade away:
 That deeper sleep shall leave our eyes;
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

HYMN 46. L. M.

Evening.

- 1 **GREAT** God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head;
One thought of thee, gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

HYMN 47. P. M.

Morning.

- 1 **O LORD**, our Lord most high!
In heaven thy glories shine,
And all this lower sky
Unfolds thy skill divine.

Thy wisdom there
And power sublime,
Through every clime
Thy works declare.

2 Each day proclaims thy hand,
To earth's admiring throng;
Each night from land to land,
Repeats the solemn song.

The pale moon shines
With silver rays,
And writes thy praise
In fairest lines.

3 Like a young bridegroom drest
Comes forth the morning sun;
And, as a champion blest,
Delights his race to run.

O'er seas and isles;
His warmth extends;
To heaven's far ends
His glory smiles.

4 Beneath the kindly ray
All nature's realms rejoice
And join the solemn lay,
And lift their grateful voice:

The sea and shore,
The morn and even,
And earth and heaven,
Their God adore.

HYMN 48. S. M.

Evening.

1 **A**XOTHER day is past, S. T. C.
The hours for ever fled!
And time is bearing me in haste,
To mingle with the dead.

2 Perhaps my closing eyes
 No more may hail the light;
 Seal'd up, before the morning rise,
 In everlasting night.

3 But I've a part to live
 A never dying ray!
 The soul, immortal, will survive
 The ruins of her clay.

4 Jesus! and art thou mine?
 O, let thy heavenly voice,
 Confirm my hope with power divine,
 And bid my soul rejoice.

5 Then shall my closing eyes,
 Contented, sink to rest;
 For, if to night this body dies,
 My spirit shall be blest.

HYMN 49. C. M.

Morning.

1 'Twas the eternal Word that spake,
 And said, "Let there be light;"
 It was, and at his high command,
 Sprang from the womb of night.

2 He bids the day-spring know its place,
 And guides the rising sun;
 All nature owns her sovereign Lord,
 And what he wills is done.

3 Should he forbid the sun to rise,
 And endless darkness reign;
 Justice would silence every mouth,
 Nor let a thought complain.

4 Thus had the Sun of Righteousness
 Never arose and shone;
 The frowning heav'ns had flash'd with wrath,
 For crimes, which we had done.

5 Then, had salvation ne'er appear'd,
 Nor angels sang of peace;
 The anthem never had begun,
 Which now will never cease.

6 But thanks to God the natural sun
 Does light and heat convey;
 The Sun of Righteousness will shine
 An everlasting day.

HYMN 50. C. M.

Evening.

1 INDULGENT Father! by whose care,
 I've passed another day;
 Let me this night thy mercy share,
 And teach me how to pray.

2 Shew me my sins, and how to mourn
 My guilt before thy face;
 Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
 And save me by thy grace.

3 Guide me through life's mysterious path,
 Nor let me ever stray;
 Preserve my fleeting, mortal breath,
 Through each revolving day.

4 Let each returning night declare
 The tokens of thy love;
 And every hour thy grace prepare
 My soul for joys above.

5 And when on earth I close my eyes
 To sleep in death's embrace,
 Let me to heaven and glory rise,
 To enjoy thy smiling face.

HYMN 51. *Sevens.*

Morning.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
 Now the morning light is come;
 Lord may we be thine to day,
 Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
 Banish doubt and cleanse our sight;
 In thy service, Lord, to day,
 Help us labour, help us pray.

3 Keep our hasty passions bound,
 Save us from our foes around;

Going out, and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
Oh! receive us then at last!
Night of sin, will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 52. *Sevens.*

Evening.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!

2 My great Master still allows,
Needful periods of repose:
By my heavenly father blest
Thus I give my powers to rest.

3 Heavenly Father! gracious name!
Night and day, his love the same:
Thy kind eye that cannot sleep,
My defenceless hours shall keep.

4 What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

5 With thy heavenly presence blest,
 Death is life, and labour rest:
 Welcome sleep or death to me,
 Still secure, for still with thee.

HYMN 53. *Eight & Sixes.*

Morning.

1 Once more my eyes behold the day,
 And to my God my soul would pay
 Its tributary lays;
 O may the life, preserved by thee,
 With all its powers and blessings be
 Devoted to thy praise.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
 Israel's great keeper, King of kings,
 My weary head found rest:
 No dire alarms, or racking pains,
 Devouring flames, or galling chains,
 Disturb'd my peaceful breast.

3 How many, since I laid me down,
 Have launch'd into a world unknown,
 To meet a dreadful doom!
 While some on watery billows tost,
 Or wandering on an unknown coast,
 Have sighed in vain for home.

4 But I am spared to see thy face,
 A monument of saving grace,
 And live to praise thy name.

Still be thou near, my gracious Lord,
 To keep and guide me by thy word,
 Peace to my soul proclaim.

5 Let me enjoy thy presence here,
 In every storm, my heart to cheer,
 'Till thou shalt bid me rise,
 Where sin and sorrow never come!
 'Till, at my blest eternal home,
 I wake in sweet surprize.

HYMN 54 *Sevens.*
Evening.

1 OMNIPRESENT Lord, whose aid,
 No one ever sought in vain,
 Be this night about my bed,
 Every evil thought restrain.

2 Lay thy hand upon my soul,
 Guard off my ungrateful hours,
 All my enemies controul,
 Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

3 Unto thee for help I seek,
 Perfect, Lord, thy strength in me;
 I am strong when I am weak,
 Weak myself, but strong in thee.

4 Let not evil enter in,
 Every wicked thought avert;
 Stop the avenues of sin,
 Keep the issues of my heart.

5 Under thy protection take,
 Songs in the night season, give;
 Let me sleep to thee and wake,
 Let me die to thee and live.

HYMN 55. *Sevens.**Morning.*

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true the only light,
 Sun of righteousness arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night,
 Day spring from on high be near,
 Day star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 'Till thy mercy's beams I see;
 'Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit thou this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, radiancy divine!
 Scatter all my umbelief.
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN 56. *Eight.**Evening.*

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
 Thou feeder and guardian of thine;
 My all to thy covenant care,
 I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If thou art my shield, and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me;
 And fast as my moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 A sovereign protector I have,
 Unseen, yet forever at hand;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.

4 From evil secure, and its dread,
 I rest if my Saviour is nigh,
 And songs his kind presence, indeed,
 Shall in the night season supply.

5 His smiles and his comforts abound,
 His grace as the dew shall descend;
 And wells of salvation surround,
 The soul he delights to defend.

HYMN 57. C. M.

Saturday Evening.

1 BEGONE, my worldly cares, away,
 Nor dare to tempt my sight;

Let me begin the ensuing day,
Before I end this night.

2 Yes, let the work of prayer and praise,
Employ my heart and tongue,
Begin, my soul! thy Sabbath days
Can never be too long.

3 Let the past mercies of the week,
Excite a grateful frame;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak,
Some good of Jesus name.

4 Jesus! how pleasing is the sound!
How worthy of my love!
Why is my heart so lifeless found?
Why placed no more above?

5 Forgive my dulness, dearest Lord,
And quicken all my powers;
Prepare me to attend thy word,
To improve the sacred hours.

6 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heaven aseend;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

HYMN 58. *Seven.*

Saturday Evening.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a blessing seek,
On the approaching sabbath day,
Day of all the week the best
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Through the week, our praise demand,
Guarded by Almighty Power,
Fed and guided by his hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Shew thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame.
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near!
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear!
There afford us, Lord, a taste,
Of our everlasting feast.

5 I lay the Gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief for all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbath's joys
Till we join the church above.

HYMN 59. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 My God how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days,
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 60. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch my soul
And grace her mean abode;
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet Source of light divine;
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
 A boundless, endless store
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more.

HYMN 61. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
 Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,
 And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
 To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground,
 He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
 Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
 And all our near escapes from death;
 Safety and health to God belong;
 He helps the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
 The common blessings of his love;
 But the wide difference that remains,
 Is endless joy, or endless pains.

HYMN 62. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 FOUNTAIN of blessing, ever bless'd
 Enriching all, of all possess'd;
 By whom the whole creation's fed,
 Give us each day our daily bread.

3 To thee our very life we owe!
 From thee do all our comforts flow;
 And every blessing that we need,
 Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.

3 Great things are not what we desire,
 Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire;
 Content with little would we be,
 That little, Lord must come from thee.

4 While wicked men with all their store,
 Are ever grasping after more;
 With Agur's wish content we'll live,
 Nor grudge them all the world can give.

HYMN 63. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 As spices mingled with our food,
 Give flavour to the feast;
 So holy pleasures ever should
 Refresh and cheer the guest.

2 To feed the gross corporeal frame,
 And starve the nobler mind;
 Dishonoureth the Christian name,
 And leaves no zest behind.

3 If saints in social circles meet,
 Like relatives of old,
 Sure some should sit at Jesus' feet,
 Or else his truth unfold.

4 This is the true support of life,
 Provision for our souls!
 This, kindles love, and conquers strife,
 And prejudice controls.

5 Feed us, O Lord, with heavenly truth,
 While o'er this waste we roam;
 'Till parents, Children, age and youth,
 Shall meet in Canaan's home.

HYMN 64. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace;
 From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
 Their' root and branches are sustained.

2 To God most worthy to be praised,
 Be our domestic altars raised;
 Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
 With saints, in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows;
 Our servants there and rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name;
 While pleased, and thankful, we remove
 To join the family above.

HYMN 65. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 Of justice and of grace I sing,
 And pay my God my vows!
 Thy grace and justice, heavenly King
 Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
 And make thy servant wise;
 I'll suffer nothing near me there,
 That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
 By falsehood or by force,
 The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
 I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
 And will their help enjoy,
 These are the friends that I will trust,
 The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in s'y deceit,
 I'll not endure a night;
 The liar's tongue I ever hate,
 And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
 And make the wicked flee;
 So shall my house be ever found,
 A dwelling fit for thee.

HYMN 66. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 To thee before the dawning light,
 My gracious God, I pray:
 I meditate thy name by night,
 And keep thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
 Thy promise bears me up;
 And while salvation long delays,
 Thy word supports my hope.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
 And pay my thanks to thee;
 Thy righteous providence demands
 Repeated praise from me.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
 I call thy works to mind;
 My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
 And sweet acceptance find.

HYMN 67. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 THREE happy souls, who born of heav'n,
 While yet they sojourn here;

Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal,
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.

3 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings
And in thy strength confide.

6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amid the social band,
In solitude with thee.

7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

8 In solid, pure delights like these,
 Let all my days be past;
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,
 Nor shall I fear the last.

HYMN 68. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The eternal hills beyond the skies;
 Thence all her help my soul derives;
 There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives; the everlasting God,
 That built the world, that spread the flood,
 The heavens with all their hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
 His morning smiles bless all the day;
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure; securely rest;
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprize.

HYMN 69. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 THOU, Lord, in every changing scene,
 Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
 Through every age, eternal God,
 Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee, our fathers sought their rest;
 In thee, our fathers still are blest;
 And while the tomb confines their dust,
 In thee their souls abide, and trust.

3 Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble race,
 Awhile to fill our fathers' place;
 Our helpless state with pity view,
 And let us share their refuge too.

4 To thee our infant race we leave;
 Them, may our fathers' God receive;
 That voices yet unformed may raise
 Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

HYMN 70. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 O now I love thy holy law!
 'Tis daily my delight:
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
 To meditate thy word:
 My soul with longing melts away,
 To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage,
 How well employ my tongue!
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
 Yields me a heavenly song.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my continual feast:
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

5 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

HYMN 71. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hearts to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy, success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee, let every week begin:
With thee each day be spent;
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
'Till all our labours cease;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

HYMN 72. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 If God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guard as well may sleep.
- 2 What if we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread?
- 3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God has blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love!

HYMN 73. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 To thee, my God, my days are known,
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot. -
- 2 Each secret breath, devotion vents,
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 Full in thy view through life I pass,
 And in thy view I die;
 And when each mortal bond is broke,
 My God will still be nigh.

4 Stripp'd of its little earthly all,
 My soul in smiles shall go;
 And in an heavenly heritage
 Its Father's bounty know.

HYMN 74. S. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,
 Whose kind designs to serve and please,
 Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
 Where zeal and friendship meet;
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
 Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
 They poured the rich perfume,
 The oil through all his raiment spread,
 And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
 The saints are blest above,
 Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
 And all the air is love.

HYMN 75. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 God of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
When I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

HYMN 76. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 YE that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
 And send your souls on high;
 Raise your admiring thoughts by night
 Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
 With rays of quickening grace;
 The God, that spreads the heavens abroad
 And rules the swelling seas.

HYMN 77. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand,
 Supports the weight of sea and land;
 Whose grace is such a boundless store,
 No heart shall break that sighs for more.

2 Thy providence supplies my food,
 And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;
 My soul is nourish'd by thy word;
 Let soul and body praise the Lord.

3 My streenis of outward comfort came,
 From Him who built this earthly frame;
 Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
 By whom my soul forever lives.

4 Either his hand preserves from pain,
 Or if I feel it, heals again;
 From Satan's malice shields my brest,
 Or overrules it for the best.

5 Forgive the song that falls so low
 Beneath the gratitude I owe;
 It means thy praise, however poor,
 An angel's song can do no more.

HYMN 78. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun' thy presence Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest;
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.

3 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
 I fly beyond the west,
 Thy hand, which must support my flight,
 Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I think to draw
 The curtains of the night;
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
 Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to thee;
 O may I ne'er provoke that power
 From which I cannot flee;

HYMN 79. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 O FOR an undissembled faith!
 A faith which works within;
 Which saves from everlasting death,
 And conquers every sin.

2 Happy the household where it reigns,
 And where it long has dwelt;
 Whose ancient, and whose later sons
 Its sovereign power have felt.

3 How pleasing to look up and see
 The fathers now with God;
 While their surviving family
 Press to the same abode.

4 O glorious hour, when death shall come,
 Their spirits to unite;
 And heaven be their eternal home,
 And God their chief delight.

HYMN 80. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 O GOD of Abraham! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before thy throne of grace;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide;
 Give us by day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our father's lov'd abode,
 Our feet arrive in peace.

5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
 Thy mercy we implore;
 Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
 Thy goodness we'll adore.

HYMN 81. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

4 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide their works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

5 Through all eternity, to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise,
 For O! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 82. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
 Kind guardian of my days;
 Thy mercies, let my heart record
 In songs of joyful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thy indulgent care,
 Long ere I could pronounce thy name
 Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 While sweet reflection, through my days
 Thy bounteous hand would trace;
 Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.

4 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
 For favours more divine;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.

5 Lord, when this glorious frame decays,
 And every weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace
 And raise me to the skies.

6 Then shall my joyful powers unite,
 In more exalted lays,
 And join the happy sons of light,
 In everlasting praise.

HYMN 83. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 THY daily mercies, O my God,
 My waking thoughts employ,
 And while I meditate on thee,
 My heart is filled with joy.

2 Thou giv'st me rest upon my bed,
 Soft slumbers to my eyes;
 Thy goodness is again renew'd,
 When in the morn I rise.

3 Throughout the business of the day,
 Thine arm doth me uphold;
 Amidst the terrors of the night,
 Thy presence makes me bold.

4 Whether in sickness, or in health,
 Thy grace does me sustain,
 Let me, O Lord, thy favour have,
 And I shall ne'er complain.

5 Aided by thee, I need not fear
 The frowns of rich and great;
 Their pomp and wealth I covet not,
 Nor envy all their state.

6 Yea, though the world by storms be tost,
 And crumbled into dust;
 Yet, still in thee, my only hope,
 I will securely trust.

HYMN 84. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 On thee, each morning, O my God,
 My waking thoughts attend;
 In whom are founded all my hopes,
 In whom my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
 Thy boundless love surveys;
 And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
 The sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
 With thy protection blest,
 In peace and safety, I commit
 My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,
 Fears no approaching ill;
 For whether waking or asleep,
 Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world
 Thy wondrous acts proclaim;
 Whilst all with me shall praise and sing,
 And bless the Sacred Name.

6 At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still
 Thy growing work pursue;
 And thee alone will praise, to whom
 Eternal praise is due.

HYMN 85. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 WISDOM and pleasure dwell at home!
 Retired and silent, seek them there:
 True conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome,
 True strength, to break the tempter's snare.

2 And thou, O God, whose piercing eye
 Distinct surveys each deep recess;
 In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
 And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the mazes of the heart,
 Our search let heavenly wisdom guide,
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 'Till all be search'd and purified.

4 Then with the visits of thy love,
 Vouchsafe our inmost soul to cheer;
 'Till every grace shall join to prove
 That God has fixed his dwelling there.

HYMN 86. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 RETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest,
 Upon thy heavenly Father's breast:
 Indulge me, Lord, in that repose,
 The soul which loves thee only knows.

2 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount
 The power of language to recount;
 From morning-dawn, the setting sun
 Sees but my work of praise begun.

3 The mercies, all my moments bring,
 Ask an eternity to sing;
 What thanks those mercies can suffice,
 Which through eternity shall rise!

4 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,
 In future hopes more richly blessed,
 I'll sit and sing till death shall raise
 A note of more exalted praise.

HYMN 87. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
 Shoots through the darkest night;
 In deep retirement thou art nigh,
 With heart discerning sight.

2 There shall that piercing eye survey
 My dutous homage paid;
 With every morning's dawning ray,
 And every evening's shade.

3 O may thy own celestial fire
 The incense still inflame;
 While my warm vows to thee aspire,
 Through the Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love,
 My soul in secret bless;
 So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
 Thy suppliant to confess.

HYMN 88. S. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 TOMORROW, Lord, is thine,
 Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand,
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines at thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away;
 O make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Waken by thine Almighty power
 The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
 O be it still pursued!
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly—

Swift as the morning light;

Lest life's young golden beams should die,

In sudden endless night.

HYMN 89. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 Hosanna, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That rais'd us with a word,
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
 Our joy and safety brings;
 Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
 Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 90. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
 Shun the broad way which sinners go,
 Who hates the place where atheists meet,
 And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves to employ his morning light
 Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
 And spends the wakeful hours of night,
 With pleasure, pond'ring o'er his word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
 Shall flourish in immortal green;
 And heaven will shine with kindest beams
 On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crost,
 As chaff before the tempest flies;
 So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
 When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

HYMN 91. S. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 From the first dawning light
 'Till the dark evening rise,
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
 With ever longing eyes.

2 Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.

3 The Lord is just and kind,
 The meek shall learn his ways;
 And every humble sinner find
 The methods of his grace.

4 For his own goodness' sake
 He saves my soul from shame;
 He pardons, though my guilt be great,
 Through my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 92. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 I'll bless the Lord from day to day:
 How good are all his ways!
 Ye humble souls that love to pray,
 Come help my lips to praise.

2 O sinners! come and taste his love,
 Come, learn his pleasant ways;
 And let your own experience prove
 The sweetness of his grace.

3 He bids his angels pitch their tents
 Round where his children dwell;
 What ills their heavenly care prevents
 No earthly tongue can tell.

4 O love the Lord, ye saints of his!
 His eye regards the just;
 How richly blest their portion is,
 Who make the Lord their trust.

HYMN 93. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 By morning light I'll seek thy face:
 At noon repeat my cry;
 The night shall hear me ask thy grace,
 Nor will my God deny.

2 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
 Or shield me when afraid;
 Ten thousand angels must appear,
 If he command their aid.

3 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
 The Lord sustains them all;
 My courage rests upon his word,
 That word shall never fall.

4 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
 My lips shall spread his praise:
 While cruel and deceitful men
 Scarce live out half their days.

HYMN 94. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 Lord thou hast search'd and seen me thro',
 Thine eye commands with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 Within thy circling power I stand;
 On every side I find thy hand:
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

3 If mounted on a morning ray,
 I fly beyond the western sea;
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
 Beneath the spreading veil of night,
 One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

HYMN 95. *Eight & Sixes.*

Morning or Evening.

1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,
 Of sinful mirth, and carnal joys,
 (The things I lov'd before,) —
 Let me but view my Saviour's face,
 And feel his animating grace,
 And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
 Of careless ease, and blooming health,
 For they have all their snares;

Let me but know my sins forgiven,
 And see my name enrolled in heaven,
 And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty towers,
 Delightful gardens, fragrant bowers,
 For these are trifling things;
 The little room for me design'd,
 Will suit as well my easy mind,
 As palaces of kings.

4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
 Of gaudy dress, and sumptuous feasts;
 Extravagance and waste;
 My little table, only spread
 With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,
 Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me a Bible in my hand,
 A heart to read, and understand
 This sure, unerring word;
 I'll urge no company to stay,
 But sit alone from day to day,
 And converse with the Lord.

HYMN 96. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 WHERE'ER the Lord shall build my house
 An altar to his name I'll raise;
 There morn and ev'ning shall ascend
 The sacrifice of prayer and praise.

2 With dutious mind the social band,
Shall search the records of thy law;
Then learn thy will and humbly bow,
With filial reverence and awe.

3 If numerous blessings of the earth,
Indulgent God to us afford;
With warn united hearts we'll pay,
Our grateful tribute to the Lord.

4 Here fix, dear Lord, thy sacred rest,
And spread the banner of thy love;
Till ripened for the heavenly world,
We rise and join the church above.

HYMN 97. C. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 Now let our hearts their glory wake,
The sacred song to raise;
And every tuneful power combine,
To shout Jehovah's praise.

2 To us a goodly heritage,
His providence assigns;
And in a safe and pleasant place,
Marks out our happy lines.

3 Come let us to his holy name,
A grateful altar raise;
And let this habitation styled,
The house of prayer and praise.

4 Here may his secret breathings fan,
 Devotion to a flame;
 And faith, and love, and zeal inspire,
 To adorn the Christian name.

5 Thus with thy visits, smiles, and grace,
 May this abode be blest;
 And here, O great Jehovah, fix,
 Thy pleasant, lasting rest.

HYMN 98. P. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 YE tempted and tried,
 To Jesus draw nigh,
 He suff'red and died,
 Your wants to supply;
 Trust him for salvation,
 You need not to grieve,
 There's no condemnation,
 To them that believe.

2 By day and by night,
 His love is made known;
 It is his delight,
 To succour his own;
 He will have compassion,
 Then why should you grieve?
 There's no condemnation,
 To them that believe.

3 Though Satan will seek,
The sheep to annoy,
The helpless and weak,
He ne'er shall destroy;
Christ is their salvation,
And strength he will give;
There's no condemnation,
To them that believe.

HYMN 99. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky;
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The works of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 100. L. M.

Morning or Evening.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days!
 Teach me to know how frail I am,
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
 A little point my life appears;
 How frail at best is dying man!
 How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show!
 Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
 He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
 And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O, be a nob' er portion mine;
 My God, I bow before thy throne;
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
 And fix my hopes on thee alone.

OCCASIONAL.

HYMN 101. L. M.

New Year.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it, till it close.
- 2 **B**Y day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 **W**ITH grateful hearts, the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 **I**n scenes exalted or depress'd,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 **W**hen death shall interrupt these songs
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN 102. C. M.

New Year.

1 AND now my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
 Nor will return again;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.

3 Awake my soul! with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn:
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy great concern?

4 Now a new scene of time begins,
 Set out afresh for heaven:
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ 'tis freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN 103. L. M.

Close of the Year.

1 My helper God! I bless his name;
 The same his power, his grace the same,
 The tokens of his friendly care,
 Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm has led me on,
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar mor
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

HYMN 104. C. M.

Close of the Year.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high,
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shews salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature speed your course,
 Ye mortal pow'rs, decay;
 Fast as ye bring the night of death
 Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN 105. C. M.

Spring.

1 AT length the wish'd-for spring is come;
 How alter'd is the scene!
 The trees and shrubs are drest in bloom,
 The earth's array'd in green.

2 I see my Saviour from on high,
 Break through the clouds and shine;
 No creature now more blest than I,
 No song more loud than mine.

3 Thy word does all my hopes revive,
 It overcomes my foes;
 It makes my languid graces thrive,
 And blossom like the rose.

4 Dear Lord, a monument I stand
 Of what thy grace can do;
 Uphold me by thy gracious hand,
 Each changing season through.

HYMN 106. C. M.

Summer.

1 THS grass and flowers which clothe the field,
 And look so green and gay,
 Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,
 And fall, and fade away.

2 Fit emblem of our mortal state!

Thus, in the Scripture glass,
The young, the strong, the wise, the great,
May see themselves but grass.

3 Ah! trust not to your fleeting breath,

Nor call your time your own;
Around you see the scythe of death
Is mowing thousands down.

4 And you, who hitherto are spared,

Must shortly yield your lives;
Your wisdom is, to be prepared,
Before the stroke arrives.

5 The grass, when dead, revives no more;

You die to live again;
Beware, lest death should prove the door
To everlasting pain.

6 Lord, help us to obey thy call,

And all our sins remove,
That when like grass our bodies fall,
Our souls may rise above.

HYMN 107. L. M.

Autumn.

1 SEE how brown autumn spreads the field;
Mark how the whitening hills are turn'd,
Behold them to the reapers yield,
The wheat is saved, the tares are burn'd.

2 Thus the great Judge, with glory crown'd,
Descends to reap the ripen'd earth;
Angelick guards attend him down,
The same who sang his humble birth.

3 In sounds of glory, hear him speak;
"Go search around the flaming world,
Haste, call my saints, to rise and take
The seats from which their foes were hurl'd.

4 "Go burn the chaff in endless fire,
In flames unquench'd consume each tare;
Sinners must feel my holy ire,
And sink in guilt to deep despair."

5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth,
Angels obey the awful voice:
They save the wheat, they burn the chaff,
All heaven approves the sovereign choice.

HYMN 108. L. M.

Winter.

1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand,
Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the ground!
But spring will soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns;
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid the graces grow again!

3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise!
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
 Oh! hush these storms and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love!

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
 I faint and droop till thou appear;
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
 Must it be winter all the year?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait the hour,
 With humble prayer and patient faith;
 Till he reveals his gracious power,
 Repose on what his promise saith.

6 He, by whose all commanding word,
 Seasons their changing course maintain;
 In every change a pledge affords,
 That none shall seek his face in vain.

HYMN 109. L. M.

Seasons.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy presence we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
 Embalms the air, and paints the land;
 The summer-rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more a face of horrouz wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,
 With opening light and evening shade.

5 O may our more harmonious tongues,
 In worlds unknown pursue their songs;
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 110. L. M.

Harvest.

1 Once more, our condescending God,
 Has sent an harvest rich and good;
 No cankering worm, nor hostile band,
 Has spoiled the product of the land.

2 We bless thy name for sun and showers,
 And all the good that nature pours;
 But thy enriching stores of grace,
 Transcend our highest notes of praise.

3 Pour out thy gracious Spirit, Lord,
 And spread the influence of thy word,
 'Till saints a richer harvest rise,
 To fill the garner of the skies.

HYMN 111. L. M.

Meeting of Christian Friends.

- 1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give!
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of Him,
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 112. S. M.

Parting with Christian Friends.

- 1 **BLEST** be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often, for each other, flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

HYMN 113. C. M.

Parting with Christian Friends.

1 LORD when together here we meet,
 And taste thy heavenly grace,
 Thy smiles are so divinely sweet
 We're loath to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,
 That we must part again,
 O let thy gracious presence still
 With every one remain.

3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
 Bound with the cords of love;
 'Till we, around thy glorious throne,
 Shall joyful meet above.

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart
 Shall then for ever fly;
 And not one thought that we shall part,
 Once intercept our joy.

5 Where void of all distracting pain,
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
 But in seraphick, heavenly strains,
 Redeeming love admire.

6 And thus, through all eternity,
 Upon the heavenly shore,
 The great mysterious One in Three,
 Jehovah, we'll adore.

HYMN 114. L. M.

On entering into Covenant with God; or Admission to the Church.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him, who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
'Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death, a bond so dear.

HYMN 115. L. M.

On entering into Covenant with God; or Admission to the Church.

- 1 GREAT source of Being, heavenly King!
Whose eye my inmost thought surveys,

To thee, with grateful joy, I bring
My tribute of unequal praise.

2 United to thy chosen flock,
Within thy courts my soul would dwell,
And in thy strength sustain the shock,
Of all the powers in earth or hell.

3 Send thy good Spirit from on high,
And let our church thy blessing prove!
So shall our praises reach the sky,
And every bosom glow with love.

4 O may our Pastor draw from thee
Daily supplies of heavenly grace!
And may we in thy temple see
Thy glorious presence fill the place!

5 Then shall our hearts, our lives, our tongues,
Be consecrated to our God;
Our morning prayers, our evening songs,
Shall spread thy wondrous love abroad.

HYMN 116. C. M.

Marriage.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

5 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care,
May make domestick burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope,
And see, with joy, a golly seed,
To build their household up.

6 As Isaac and Rebecca gave
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship joined.

7 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er,
May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

HYMN 117. L. M.

Marriage.

1 Come thou condescending Jesus!
Thou hast bless'd a marriage feast,
Come, and with thy presence bless us,
Deign to be an honour'd guest.

2 Once, at Cana's happy village,
Thou didst heavenly joy impart;
Though unseen, may thy blest image
Be inscribed on every heart.

3 Lord we come to ask thy blessing
On the happy pair to rest;
May thy goodness, never ceasing,
Make them now and ever blest.

4 Thou canst change the course of nature,
Turning water into wine,
But we ask a greater favour,
May they be for ever thine.

5 Thine by covenant and adoption,
Thine by free and sovereign grace,
May they, by each word and action,
Do thy will, and speak thy praise.

6 Gracious Lord, from thy free bounty,
Fill their basket and their store,
Give them, with their health and plenty,
Hearts thy goodness to adore.

7 Often from their happy dwelling,
May the voice of prayer ascend,
For thy mercies still increasing,
To their best, their kindest Friend.

8 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,
 Storms are thick, and dangers nigh,
 O may constant, pure devotion,
 Guide them safe to realms on high.

9 When by death's cold hand divided,
 Which dissolves the tenderest ties,
 By thy grace again united,
 May they in thine image rise.

10 Come thou condescending Jesus,
 Fill our hearts with songs of praise,
 Come, and with thy presencee bless us,
 Make us subjects of thy grace.

HYMN 118. C. M.

Dedication of Children to God.

1 SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms!

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, on thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee:
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock with pleasure hear;
 Ye children seek his face;
 And fly with transports to receive
 The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust:
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

HYMN 119. L. M.

Thanksgiving.

1 ALMIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies,
 To thee let songs of gladness rise;
 Each grateful heart its tribute bring
 And ev'ry voice thy goodness sing.

2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
 Life, health, and strength thy hands bestow,
 The daily good thy creatures share,
 Springs from thy providential care.

3 The rich profusion nature yields,
 The harvest waving o'er the fields;
 The cheering light, refreshing show'r,
 Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

4 At thy command the vernal bloom,
 Revives the world from winter's gloom,
 The summer's heat the fruit' matures,
 And autumn all her treasures pours.

5 From thee proceed domestick ties,
 Conubial bliss, paternal joys;
 On thy support the nations stand,
 Obedient to thy high command.

6 But how shall frail, imperfect man,
 Whose being reaches but a span,
 Attempt in earth-born strains to prove,
 The wonders of redeeming love!

7 Let ev'ry pow'r of heart and tongue,
 Unite to swell the grateful song,
 While age and youth in chorus join,
 And praise the Majesty divine.

HYMN 120. *Sevens.**Thanksgiving.*

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise
 For the love that crowns our days,
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use.

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours,
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

5 These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source, whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear,
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig trees blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit.

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store:
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall.

8 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

9 Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

HYMN 121. C. M.

Christmas.

1 SHEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies,
Salvation's born to day.

2 Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you,
To day he makes his entrance here;
But not as monarchs do.

3 No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 Go, Shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around,
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound
And thus conclude the song:

6 Glory to God, that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth,
Mortals shall know their Maker's love
At their Redeemer's birth.

7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?

O may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise.

8 Glory to God, that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN 122. C. M.

Christmas.

1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks, by
night,
Near Bethlehem's happy ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd;
But meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Address'd their joyful song:

6 All glory be to God on high!
 And to the earth be peace!
 Good will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin and never cease.

HYMN 123. C. M.

Fast.

1 Come let our souls ad ore the Lord,
 Whose judgments yet delay,
 Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
 And gives us leave to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
 But we will not despair;
 Still open is the mercy seat
 To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love,
 This blessed hope we owe;
 O let thy merits plead above,
 While we implore below.

4 O gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
 Attend our humble cry;
 Nor let thy kindling vengeance break
 Destruction from on high.

5 Though justice near thy awful throne,
Attends thy dread command,
Lord hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

HYMN 124. C. M.

Fast.

1 SEE gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

5 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear,
Secure of never failing aid,
When God, our God, is near.

HYMN 125. L. M.

For a Day of Prayer.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 **P**rayers makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 **R**estraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 **W**hile Moses stood, with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness, they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 **H**ave you no words? ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 **W**ere half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN 126. C. M.

For a Day of Prayer.

- 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice!
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God has heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust arise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a Sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

HYMN 127. L. M.

For a Day of Prayer.

1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only, while they pray, they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
While Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise, and try thy interest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, or sin distress,
Thy remedy's before thee;—*pray.*

5 'Tis prayer supports the soul when weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on Christ; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HYMN 128. *Eight & Sevens.**For a day of Prayer.*

1 SAVIOUR visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourished,
 Every part look'd gay and green;
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
 Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see:
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee.

5 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make us bloom again,
 O permit us not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain.

6 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.

7 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 129. C. M.

Prayer for Rain.

1 Now may the Lord of earth and skies,
 Regard us when we call;
 'Tis he who bids the vapours rise,
 And showers abundant fall.

2 On thee, our God, we all depend,
 For life, and health, and food;
 O make refreshing showers descend,
 And crown the year with good.

3 The evil and the just partake,
 These bounties of thy hand;
 Nor will a God of love forsake,
 This long indulged land.

4 Let grace come down like copious rain,
 On Zion's drooping field;
 So shall our souls revive again,
 And fruit abundant yield.

5 Then smiling nature shall express,
 Her mighty Maker's praise;
 And we, the children of thy grace,
 Join her harmonious lays.

HYMN 130. L. M.

In a Thunder-Storm.

- 1 THE rain descends, the tempests rise,
Our souls his majesty adore;
Jehovah's voice sounds through the skies,
White lightnings flash and thunders roar.
- 2 We sit becalmed while others fear;
The God of thunder is our all:
It is our Father's voice we hear,
Nor shall we by his thunder fall.
- 3 No—while his lightnings flash around,
Although the earth's foundations move;
We stand secure on faith's firm ground,
We rest in his unchanging love.
- 4 Nothing shall fright our souls from God,
Should he the skies this moment rend;
He who is our only safe abode,
Our rock, our refuge, and our friend.

HYMN 131 L. M.

Prayer for the Opposers of Religion.

- 1 BLEST Lord, behold the guilty scorn,
Of those who hate and mock our praise,
Pity their state and make them turn,
No more to walk in sinful ways.
- 2 Anxious we see their wretched state,
Who never think of heaven or hell;
They laugh and sport, and court the gate,
Which opes where endless terrors dwell.

3 If prayer and faith did e'er prevail,
 Now help us, Lord, to raise our hands,
 Prepare our hearts thy grace to hail,
 Then break their soul-destroying bands.

4 Lead them to view a sinful heart,
 A soul all enmity to thee,
 Destroy'd, defil'd in every part,
 Too proud to bow, too blind to see.

5 Lead them to view a holy law,
 Which justly dooms to endless death,
 To feel that guilt which Jesus saw,
 And pray'd, forgive, with dying breath.

6 Open their eyes, unstop their ears,
 To hear condemning justice sound,
 Lord, change their hearts, and then their tears
 Will witness grief to all around.

7 Once we were blind, like them we strove,
 'Till sovereign mercy chang'd our ways,
 Lord, bow their wills, and make them love,
 Then they will join our songs of praise.

HYMN 132. C. M.

Prayer for Missionaries.

1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
 To thine exalted Son,
 That thro' the nations of the earth,
 Thy word of life shall run?

2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands,
"For thine inheritance;
"And to the world's remotest shores,
"Thine empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews,
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard, crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 When shall the untutored Indian tribes,
A dark, bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption given?

6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannahs to thy Lord.

7 Asia and Africa resound
From shore to shore his fame;
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim.

HYMN 133. L. M.

Prayer for Missionaries.

1 GREAT God the nations of the earth,
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent,
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace,
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord when shall these glad tidings spread,
The spacious earth around;
'Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons,
Enjoy the heavenly word;
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freemen of the Lord.

5 Haste sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love:
Soften the tyger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

6 Smile Lord, on each divine attempt,
To spread the Gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

HYMN 134. L. M.

Ordination.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modelled by thy own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear,
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more,
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock:
Confirm our hopes, thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

HYMN 135. C. M.

Ordination.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
 The pastor's charge demands;
 But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord,
 Did heav'nly bliss forego;
 For souls, which must forever live,
 In raptures, or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
 Th' account to render there;
 And should'st thou strictly mark our faults,
 Lord, how should we appear!

5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see;
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 136. L. M.

Prayer for Ministers.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
 Him whom we now to thee commend;
 Thy faithful Messenger secure,
 And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
 Direct his feet in paths of peace:
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
 And bend him to obey thy will.

3 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,
 In him thy mighty power exert;
 That thousands yet unborn may praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

HYMN 137. L. M.

Sickness of a Minister.

1 O THOU before whose gracious throne,
 We bow our suppliant spirits down;
 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
 And all our trembling lips would tell.

2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
 And give our sorrowing hearts relief;
 In mercy then thy servant spare,
 Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock;
 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
 Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.

4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
 In every heart his image lies;
 Thy pitying aid, O God impart,
 Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

5 But if our supplications fail,
 And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
 Support him through the gloomy way.

6 Around him may thy angels stand,
 Waiting the signal of thy hand;
 To bid his happy spirit rise,
 And bear him to their native skies.

HYMN 138. C. M.

Death of a Minister.

1 Now let our mourning hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry;
 Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
 Which view a Saviour nigh.

2 What though the arm of conquering death
 Does God's own house invade?
 What though the prophet, and the priest,
 Be number'd with the dead.

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged, and the young,
 The watchful eye in darkness clos'd;
 And mute the instructive tongue.

4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comforts to impart;
 His eye still guides us, and his voice
 Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo I am with you," saith the Lord,
 "My church shall safe abide;
 "For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 "Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

HYMN 139. C. M.

In Affliction.

1 My God the covenant of thy love,
Abides forever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire;
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus my guardian, and my friend,
And heaven my final home.

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will;
For all that will is love;
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

HYMN 140. *Serens.**In Affliction.*

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Lo! I helpless hang on thee,
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Lest I basely shrink and flee;
 Thou art all my trust and aid,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 Boundless love in thee I find,
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Reign, O Lord, within my heart,
Reign to all eternity.

HYMN 141. C. M.

Sickness.

1 God of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel,
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chastening hand.

3 Yet may I plead with humble cries
“Remove thy sharp rebukes,”
My strength consumes, my spirit dies
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

5 But if my life be spared awhile,
 Before my last remove;
 Thy praise shall be my business still,
 And I'll declare thy love.

HYMN 142. C. M.

Recovery from Sickness.

1 My God thy service well demands
 The remnant of my days;
 Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
 But to renew thy praise.

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
 Did this weak frame sustain,
 When life was hovering o'er the grave,
 And nature sunk in pain.

3 Thou when the pains of death were felt,
 Didst chase the fears of hell;
 And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
 Thy matchless grace to tell.

4 Back from the borders of the grave
 At thy command I come:
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight
 To my eternal home.

5 Where thou determin'st mine abode,
 There would I choose to be;
 For in thy presence death is life,
 And earth is heaven to me.

HYMN 143. L. M.

On leaving the World.

- 1 THE hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home,
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won,
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust,
I bow before Thee in the dust,
And thro' my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear,
To heal their sorrows, Lord descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.
- 5 I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand,
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 6 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home,
Now, O my God, let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace.

HYMN 144. C. M.

On the Death of Children.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears,
 Flow o'er your children dead;
Say not in transports of despair,
 That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
 In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence, view,
 A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 Though, your young branch's torn away,
 Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
 Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.

4 I'll give the mourner, saith the Lord,
 In my own house a place:
No names of daughters and of sons,
 Could yield so high a grace.

5 Transient and vain is every hope
 A rising race can give;
In endless honour and delight
 My children all shall live.

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Through which thy face we see;
And bless those wounds which, thro' our hearts
 Prepare a way to thee.

HYMN 145. C. M.

On the death of Friends.

1 PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
 That blasts our joys in death;
 Changes the visage once so dear,
 And gathers back our breath.

2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
 Of all the worlds above,
 Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
 Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
 Our souls a sacrifice;
 Yet scatters with unwearied hand
 A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God, and Father he,
 In Christ our bleeding Lord;
 Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
 With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
 He weaves for every brow;
 And shall tumultuous passions rise,
 If he correct us now?

6 Silent, we own, Jehovah's name;
 We kiss thy scourging hand;
 And yield our comforts, and our lives,
 To thy supreme command.

HYMN 146. C. M.

On the Death of Friends.

1 Why do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head.

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 147. *Eight.**Before a Funeral.*

- 1 How blest is our friend now bereft
Of all that could burden the mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.
- 2 This earth is affected no more,
With sickness, or shaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall trouble again:
No anger henceforward, nor shame,
Shall reddens this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 3 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er,
This quiet immovable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
- 4 The lids which so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,

Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep:
 The fountains can yield no supplies;
 These hollows from water are free;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.

5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe;
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death:
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 I know I shall shortly become!
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

HYMN 148. C. M.

At the Funeral of a Young Person,

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth impress,
 With awful power—I too must die—
 Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more
 Behold the gaping tomb,
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 Tomorrow, death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
 May every heart obey;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 149. C. M.

At a Funeral.

1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
 Around their cold remains,
 How all the tender passions mourn;
 And each fond heart complains!

2 But down to earth, alas, in vain
 We bend our weeping eyes;
 Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
 And upward learn to rise.

3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
 And beams a healing ray,
 And guides us from the darksome tomb
 To realms of endless day.

4 Jesus, who left his blest abode,
 Amazing grace! to die,
 Mark'd, when he rose, the shining road,
 To his bright courts on high.

5 To those bright courts, when hope ascends,
 The tears forget to flow;
 Hope views our absent happy friends,
 And calms the swelling woe.

6 Then let our hearts repine no more,
 That earthly comfort dies,
 But lasting happiness explore,
 And ask it from the skies.

HYMN 150. L. M.

At a Funeral.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room,
 To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch its soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
 Pass'd through the grave and blest the bed:
 Then rest dear saint, till from his throne,
 The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn,
 Attend, O grave, his sovereign word;
 Restore thy trust; the glorious form
 Will then arise to meet the Lord.

FAMILY PRAYERS.

Sabbath Morning.

WE thank thee, gracious God, for the return of the morning light, and for causing the day-spring to know its time and place. O may the day-star from on high, visit our benighted souls; and may that Saviour, who is the bright and morning star, arise and shine within us with healing in his wings: glory be to thy goodness, that the light we see is the Lord's; that this is the day which thou hast made for thyself, and set apart for thy name. May this Sabbath-day be an high day to our souls; a day of spiritual feasting and heavenly joy; bring us, O blessed Spirit, into thy banqueting house, and let thy banner over us be love. Blessed be thy name, that we see so many of the days of the Son of man; that we enjoy so many precious opportunities of worshipping thee in the beauty of holiness, and of paying our vows unto thee publicly, in the presence of thy people. May we be in the Spirit on the Lord's day; and call the

Sabbath a delight, holy of the Lord and honourable. May we cease from our own works, as God on the seventh day ceased from his; and abound only in the work of the Lord. Especially make it to us a Sabbath of rest from sin, and a Sabbath of rest in God. We are, indeed, utterly unworthy of the honour, and unable for the work of a fellowship, with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ; but we come unto thee, O blessed Lamb of God, in thy own adorable name, who alone art worthy; and depend on the strength and supply of thy good Spirit, to work all our works in us, and to ordain peace for us. Bless all thy ministering servants throughout the whole world, may they obtain mercy of the Lord to be faithful; faithful to thee, faithful to truth, and faithful to the souls entrusted to their care. Particularly, vouchsafe to be with all those who are this day to stand up in thy name, and preach the gospel of thy grace. May they be mighty through thee, to convince the unconvinced, to convert the unconverted, to heal them that are of a contrite heart, and to build up believers on their most holy faith. Enable them to preach thy truths with power, and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; thou thyself graciously working with them, and confirming the work with signs following: Be in the midst of all thy worshipping people, who shall assemble in thy name to day. Have mercy on those who shall be unwillingly detained

from thy house, by sickness, or any other providential impediment; comfort them in secret, sanctify their absence by grafting them much of thy inward presence. Let them that tarry at home, divide the spoil; and, as they are excluded from the stream, give them to drink the deeper at the fountain head. Lord, assist us, thy unworthy servants, in the religious services of this day. Make us joyful in the house of prayer; when we wait upon thee for a renewal of our strength, may we find our strength indeed renewed; may we inwardly experience the grace of the means, while we attend on the means of grace; and enjoy a saving intercourse with the God of ordinance, in frequenting the ordinances of God. Vouchsafe to take us and ours into thy gracious protection. Bless and preserve us in our going out and coming in. Support and strengthen, direct and guard us; pardon our innumerable sins, the depravity of our nature, and the offences of our lives; and sanctify us to thyself a peculiar people, zealous of good works, and seal us thine in body, soul, and spirit, to the day of the Lord Jesus. This day, gracious Lord, keep us in thy fear: let us not find our own pleasure, nor do our own ways, nor speak our own words; but live entirely to thee, converse with thee, know more of thee, and grow up into a greater fitness for thy kingdom and glory. All we beg, O gracious Father, is, for thy mercy's sake, in Jesus Christ,

our Saviour: for whom we bless thee, and to whom, with thyself and the Holy Ghost, we desire to ascribe, all might, majesty and praise for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Sabbath Evening.

O THOU most holy and merciful God, we, thine unworthy servants, desire this evening to review, as in thy presence, the day past; humbling ourselves for our sinfulness, and thanking thee for all thy loving kindness.

When we endeavour to examine any part of our conduct, or to compare it with thy holy law: we never fail to discover abundant cause for humiliation. Alas, not only have our actual transgressions and omissions been innumerable and aggravated: but each of us has cause to exclaim, when contemplating thy glories, “Woe is me for I am undone, because I am one of unclean lips, and mine eyes have seen the King the Lord of Hosts!” O God! our very worship is so defiled and defective; that instead of atoning for our past sins, or recommending us to thy favour, it needs thy gracious forgiveness, and must be washed in the blood of Christ. Pardon then, we beseech thee this evening, whatever thy holy eyes have seen amiss in the duties of

the day: the wandering of our hearts, the coldness of our affections, our want of reverence, love, and gratitude; the weakness of our faith, the wavering of our hope, the mixture of self-seeking and regard to men, with which our religious services have been contaminated. And grant that all our supplications and thanksgivings, as far as they have been uprightly presented before thy throne of grace, under the influences of thy holy Spirit, may be mercifully accepted, through the mediation of our heavenly Advocate. We desire also, O Lord our God, to crave thy fatherly forgiveness of every thought, word, and action, by which we have grieved thy Spirit, dishonoured thy name, or counteracted the gracious designs of this thy holy day. Wash us thoroughly from all our sins, in the fountain of atoning blood; and vouchsafe us the comfort of thy pardoning love, and the enjoyment of thy peace, before we close our eyes in sleep.

Suffer not, O merciful Lord, the ordinances of this sacred season to rise up at last in judgment against us, to our confusion or condemnation: let not thy word of grace be a savour of death to any individual now before thee. But, O thou Giver of every good gift, teach us to improve our advantages; and render the *transient* seasons or public ordinances a *permanent* blessing to our souls. Let us not rest satisfied, with having been serious, impressed, affected, or comforted, when hearing thy word; or with

conscious sincerity in our worship [or in our engagements at thy table:] but let us so meditate upon these things with self-application and fervent prayer; that our judgment may be matured, our spiritual wisdom and discernment increased, our faith and hope established, our affections purified and invigorated, and our wills rendered more submissive, by every attendance on the means of grace. Thus enable us to "give the more earnest heed to the things we have heard; lest at any time we should let them slip." Suffer us not to be as "children tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine;" but make us such Christians, as "by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern good and evil." [And may we also remember that the vows of God are upon us: and in all the transactions of life duly consider, that we have avouched the Lord to be our God; and ourselves to be his people, as redeemed unto him by the blood of his Son.] May we carry the instructions of thy word, and the savour of thy holy ordinances, along with us, into all the secular affairs of the ensuing week; to teach us wisdom and circumspection, to arm us against temptation, to be the light of our steps, and the strength of our heart. Oh grant, that as the face of Moses shone, when he came down from the mount: so when we go from communion with thee, in thy solemn worship; our light may shine before men, to the glory of thy name, and the adorn-

ing of the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.'

Prosper, we beseech thee, the labours of all those who have any where, this day, preached the word of truth in simplicity and godly sincerity. May thy people be edified in their most holy faith, and sinners in great numbers be converted unto thee. And, where serious impressions have been made, let them be rendered effectual unto eternal salvation. Hear all the supplications, which have this day been presented before thee by thine assembled people; for themselves, their children and relatives; for thy whole Church, for all ranks and orders of men, and for the whole human race; according to their several wants, trials, or circumstances. May thy cause every where prevail; may thy truth run and be glorified. Oh stop the progress of false doctrine, and lift up a standard against infidelity, impiety, and licentiousness: and let peace, and the gospel of peace, fill the whole earth.

And now, O heavenly Father, we commend ourselves to thy keeping this night: Watch over us and our habitation. Give us the comforts of refreshing sleep; and defend us against all enemies, especially those that would injure our souls. And grant, that by hallowing thy Sabbath on earth, we may be rendered more and more "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." May all our days

and weeks be thus begun, continued, and ended with thee: and grant that all we, who now unite in prayer on earth, may at length meet before thy throne in heaven, to sing thy praises and triumph in thy love, through the righteousness, atonement, and intercession of our great High Priest, and to the honour of his name, who is, with thee, O Father, and the Holy Spirit, God over all, blessed for evermore. *Amen.*

Monday Morning.

GRACIOUS and glorious Lord, the eyes of all wait upon thee; thou art the hope of all the ends of the earth. In thee we live and move and have our being: thou givest us life, and breath, and all things. Still thou takest care of us, and watchest over us, even in the hours of sleep, when we are unable to care for ourselves. And thy mercies are daily renewed; thy goodness is repeated every morning: yea, every moment, dost thou give us fresh occasion of praise and thanksgiving. Blessed be thy name, for the peace, rest, and safety of the night past. Enable us, in the strength of thy grace and of thy gifts, to love thee truly, to serve thee faithfully, and to depend on thee

without wavering. In all our ways, may we acknowledge thee; and be thou graciously pleased to establish our goings, and to direct our path. We desire to put ourselves under thy gracious conduct and thy fatherly protection. We beg the heavenly guidance, blessing, and assistance of thy good Spirit, to choose our inheritance for us, and to dispose of us, and all that concerns us, to the glory of thy great name. O Lord, withdraw not thy tender mercies from us, neither shut up thy loving kindness in displeasure. Though we deserve to lose thy favour and thy presence, yet grant us the comfort of thy help, and the joy of thy salvation, and uphold us with thy free spirit. Punish not our past offences, by leaving us to ourselves, and giving us up to the dominion of our sins; but give us penitent hearts for all the evil committed by us, and thy merciful discharge from all the guilt that lies upon us. And grant us, O good Lord, the comfortable sense and apprehension of thy free acceptance of us, and of thy gracious intentions toward us, in the Son of thy love, the lover of our souls; that our hearts may bless thee, and all that is within us may praise thy holy name. Lord, keep us from sin this day. Subdue, as well as pardon, our iniquities: and herein may we exercise ourselves, to have always a conscience void of offence, both towards God and towards man.

Whilst upon earth, grant us a due supply of all things needful for us in the house of our pilgrimage. Sanctify to us our enjoyments, and our employments, our comforts and our crosses, every condition we are to be in, and every event that shall befall us. Enable us to live to thy honour and glory: and make us to pass through things temporal as neither to lose nor forget the things eternal. If thou enlighten us not, we shall run into error; if thou prevent not, we shall relapse into sin; if thou preserve us not we shall fall into dangers. O let thy good providence be our defence and security, and thy Holy Spirit be our comforter, guide, and counsellor, in all our ways, until, through the merits of thy Son, and the multitude of thy mercies, we are called away, to be for ever with the Lord. *Amen.*

Monday Evening.

INFINITELY great, and infinitely gracious God, thy glory exceeds our utmost thoughts, and thy mercies are over all thy works. We, thy sinful creatures, have particular reason to admire and adore, not only thy patience, which bears with us, notwithstanding all that we have done against thee; but likewise thy

never ceasing bounty, by which our comforts are continued, and our wants supplied. We desire to approach thee, as our kind and merciful Father in Jesus Christ: humbly beseeching thee to wash away our sins in his most precious blood; and to give us a sufficient measure of thy grace and Holy Spirit, to enable us against them. Thou didst create man, O Lord, after thy own blessed image; but we have destroyed ourselves, and come short of thy glory: the crown is fallen from our heads, and woe unto us, for we are sinners both by nature and by practice: justly mightest thou swear in thy wrath, that we shall not enter into thy rest. Yet suffer us, and enable us, to plead, in faith, thy gracious promise, that whosoever trusteth in the Saviour thou hast provided, and come unto thee by him, shall never perish, nor fall into condemnation, but have everlasting life for his sake. Lord, we would believe, O help our unbelief! and work in us that unfeigned repentance towards God, and that right faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, that we may be of the number of them that do indeed repent and believe to the saving of the soul. Save us, O good Lord, from our sinful selves; and from the love of the present evil world; and from every thing that opposes thy grace, and tends to hurt our souls. Establish us in thy love; strengthen us to perform thy will; and

settle our faith on Christ the rock of ages. To thy mercy in him we would humbly commit ourselves this night. Be our sun, to enlighten us; be our shield to defend us. Grant us, if it please thee, rest of body, and peace of mind. Let the voice of joy, health, and safety, be heard in our dwelling: make our walls, salvation; and our gates, praise. Comfort all, who want the comforts we enjoy: and grant suitable supplies of mercy, both spiritual and temporal, to all the afflicted, wheresoever they are, and howsoever tried. Remember, with the favour that thou bearest to thy people, all our absent friends and relations: be thou a friend to them, and may they stand in a covenant relation to thee. Make them and us such as thou wouldest have us, and such as thou wilt accept of in Christ Jesus, here to thy gracious favour, and hereafter to thy glorious kingdom. Hear us, O God of the spirits of all flesh! Hear us, in behalf of ourselves and others; hear others, in behalf of themselves and us: and convert those, who pray neither for others nor themselves. Above all, hear the Son of thy love, the lover of our souls, who intercedes, we trust, for us, at thy right hand. For him, and to him, with thyself, and the blessed Spirit, enable us to ascribe everlasting praise and glory. *Amen.*

Tuesday Morning.

BLESSED Lord, thine we are, and thee we ought to serve. The obligations of thy law, and the endearments of thy love, render it our indispensable duty to be faithful in the covenant, and to abound in the work of the Lord. But, alas! we are unprofitable servants, and worse than unprofitable; for we have drank in iniquity like water, our provocations against thee are increased, and our trespasses are grown up unto the heavens. We have lived to ourselves, instead of living unto him who died for us and rose again; we have not, as we should, glorified thee in our bodies and in our spirits, which are thine. And since it is not in man to recover and save himself, O enable us to look unto thee, in whom alone our help lies. We thank thee, for laying help upon One that is mighty; for committing thy people, and the work of their salvation, to the hands of him who hath finished transgression, made reconciliation for the iniquity of them that believe, and brought out and brought in an everlasting righteousness, for their justification. In his name, we come to thy throne of grace, hoping to obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need: for his sake, we ~~h~~ambly intreat thy favour and the light of thy countenance; beg-

ging thee to be reconciled to us, and to be at peace with us, as a Father of mercies, and a God of consolation. And, Lord, enable us to walk as becomes those upon whom thy name is called. May we be followers of Christ, as dear children, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. O circumseise our hearts, to love the Lord our God: and may thy Almighty Spirit so write the law of holiness upon our minds, that it may be our meat and our drink to do thy will, that we may hate all iniquity, and every false way; and resemble the blessed Jesus, as our pattern, while we trust in his merits as our propitiation. Lord, make our service acceptable to thee, while we live; and our souls ready for thee when we die. As long as we are in the world, keep us from the evil of it, and from the snares and dangers, to which we are continually exposed, in our passage through it. O make our pilgrimage safe and sure through all the troubles, changes, and temptations of this mortal life, to the unchangeable glories and felicities of the life everlasting. Be merciful to us this day. Keep us in all our ways, bless all our lawful undertakings, and grant that we may take nothing in hand, but what is warranted by thy word, and agreeable to thy will concerning us. Set thy fear before our eyes, all the day long; and put thy love into our hearts, that we may not depart

from thee. Bless and preserve us in our going out and coming in. May the angel of thy presence, save us from all sin and danger. Hear and answer us, O Lord, for the sake of him who hath loved and redeemed us, even the Lord our righteousness, to whom be ascribed the kingdom and power and glory. *Amen.*

Tuesday Evening.

O THOU Giver of every good gift, thou Father of mercies, and God of all consolation; we desire to close this day with thy solemn worship. Accept, we beseech thee, our unfeigned thanksgivings, for the continuance of our lives, our health, our senses, our limbs, and our rational powers; for the protection and provision thou hast hitherto afforded us; and for all the general and special benefits we enjoy. We would consider them as coming from thy hand, and as the fruits of thy unmerited kindness to us thy sinful creatures. But above all, we are bound to thank and bless thee, for the redemption of the world by thy beloved Son; and for all the blessings of that new covenant, which he purchased by his death, and is exalted at thy right hand to bestow on all that believe. We thank thee for thy written word and thy preached

gospel; and for all the abundant spiritual advantages, with which we are favoured. We praise thee for thy long-suffering towards us, when we disregarded the message of reconciliation, and continued in disobedience; for delivering us in dangers, and recovering us from sickness, when we were wholly unprepared for death; and even when we used our lives and health, in sinning still more against thee! “It is of thy mercies only that we are not consumed, because thy compassions fail not.” And if at length we have been renewed to repentance, and enabled to believe thy gospel, and love thy holy ways; to thee, O Lord, we would ascribe all the glory of this blessed change. “What shall we then render to the Lord for all his benefits?” Help us, we humbly pray thee, not only to offer at thy mercy seat our feeble sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving; but to present ourselves also as living sacrifices devoted to thy glory; and to bless thee with the more decided language of unreserved obedience.

And while we rejoice in our privileges and mercies; help us, O Lord, to remember the inexpressible sufferings of the divine Saviour, when “He bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead unto sin, should live unto righteousness.” Oh! grant that, looking to Him whom we have pierced, we may mourn for our crimes with unfeigned

sorrow; may become more deeply penitent, and be more determined in crucifying the flesh with all its affections and lusts: and may the love of Christ constrain us henceforth to live more entirely to his glory. Here, at Emmanuel's cross may we daily learn self-denial, deadness to the world, patience, meekness, forgiveness, humility; and thus find our hearts prepared to renounce our own ease and interest, in order to honour our Redeemer, and subserve the comfort of those whom he condescends to call his brethren. May we learn "to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace;" and, looking to Him who endured the cross, and despised the shame, never be weary and faint under any trials or discouragements.

Help us, O gracious God, this evening so to examine our ways, and renew our repentance; that we may have peace with thee and our consciences, through the atoning blood, before we close our eyes in sleep: and do thou extinguish every emotion of resentment or corrupt affection, which the events of the day may have excited; that we may go to rest in sweet charity with all mankind.

Prosper, O Lord, all our undertakings, as far as is good for us; and especially all our endeavours to acquire, or to communicate, the knowledge of thy truth and will. Bless thy holy word, which any of thy servants may

have spoken in public or private; crown all their labours with success, and fill their souls with joy and consolation. Enlarge and purify thy church, and let thy grace and peace be multiplied to all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Remember with thy choicest mercies all that pray for us, or desire a place in our supplications; and whenever we meet with dear absent friends, may we see new cause, and feel renewed dispositions for thankfulness.

And now, O gracious Father, while we commend ourselves and each other to thy special protection this night; "teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" and grant, that whether we live or die, we may be thine for ever. Hear us, we humbly intreat thee, and exceed all we ask, or can conceive, according to the riches of thy mercy in Christ Jesus. For whom we bless thy name, and to whom with thyself, and the eternal Spirit, we would ascribe all glory, praise, adoration, and thanksgiving, now and for evermore. Amen.

Wednesday Morning.

Lord God, bountiful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; thou

keepest mercy for thousands, thou pardonest iniquity, transgression, and sin; neither dost thou retain thy anger for ever, because thou delightest in mercy. Look down, O Lord, upon us, who would now be looking up to thee; and be favourable to us, as thou usest to be unto those that fear thy name. Look not upon the sin of our nature; nor the sins of our hearts and lives; which are more than we can number, and greater than we can express. O sprinkle us from an evil conscience, by the application of the blessed Redeemer's blood which cleanseth from all sin. And, seeing there is, in him, an infinite fulness of all that ever we can want, or wish, to render us holy, and to make us happy; grant us to receive, out of his fulness, grace sufficient for us: grace to pardon our sins, and subdue our iniquities; to justify our persons, and to sanctify our souls. Begin, or carry on, the new creation within; advance in us that saving change of heart, which may, by the power of thy Spirit, more and more transform us into thy blessed image, and make us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. And now, that we are entered upon another day, we beseech thee to carry us through it in thy fear and favour. Order all our steps in thy word, and, let no wickedness have dominion over us. Teach us to use the world, without abusing it; and

may that portion of it which thou hast and shall assign us, be sanctified to us, by the word of God, and by prayer; and by the right employment and improvement of it to thy glory. Whatever we are without, O leave us not destitute of the things that accompany salvation; but satisfy us with the sense of thy favour, and adorn us with the graces of thy Holy Spirit. Blessed be thy rich goodness, which has renewed our lives and thy mercies to us this morning. Lord, grant that all our comforts may flow to us in the channel of covenant love; and revert to the praise and glory of the gracious Giver. Be with, protect, and bless us, in our going out and coming in. May the angel of thy presence save us, and the God of angels be our shield and exceeding great reward. Make us desire, resolve, and endeavour, to live in the obedience of thy holy will, and to the honour of thy blessed name. O restrain us from the evils and follies, into which we are prone to fall; and quicken us to the offices and duties we ought to perform. Grant that we may think and speak, will and do, the things that are well pleasing in thy sight; and have the strong consolation of acceptance with thee. So visit us with thy salvation, sanctify us by thy grace, and so carry us through life, that thy name may have the praise, and our souls the comfort, in the hour

of death, and in the great day of our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Wednesday Evening.

O THOU most glorious God, with whom a thousand years are as one day, and who dwellest in light inaccessible to mortal men: the return of night reminds us how short our time is; and how soon we must finally close our eyes on all things here below, to open them in the eternal world. Our days glide away almost unperceived: Oh leave us not to neglect the important work of life, through attention to the trifles with which we are surrounded! We feel all things here on earth to be vanity and vexation: our pains are many and increasing; our pleasures few and wasting. "Surely man walketh in a vain shew! he disquieteth himself in vain! he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them!" "For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath we are troubled! thou hast set our iniquities before thee, and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." Teach us, therefore, O merciful God, so to meditate on the shortness, uncertainty, and vanity of things temporal: and on the reality, nearness, and importance of things eternal;

that we may indeed be strangers and pilgrims on earth, and may seek a heavenly inheritance with our warmest affections and most persevering diligence. Do thou make the thoughts of death and judgment so familiar to us, and so impressive on our hearts, that they may put vigor into our prayers; may excite us to earnestness in all the means of grace; may make us decided in renouncing every idol and iniquity; and may influence us so to act in all things, as may afford us comfort upon the bed of death.

Enable us, O Lord, to mark thy hand, and to submit to thy righteousness, in all the troubles of life, and in all the painful consequences of our sins. Give us such a knowledge of thy holy law, and of its spirituality and reasonable demands; that we may become fully sensible of our exceeding sinfulness, and be deeply humbled before thee in unfeigned repentance. May we never attempt to cover our transgressions, or to justify our conduct in thy sight; but may we so judge ourselves, that we may not be condemned at thy awful tribunal. Help us, O gracious Lord, to believe thy gospel with living faith; and continually to come unto thee, as the Fountain of life and felicity, through the righteousness and redemption of our great High Priest, who ever liveth to make intercession for us. And give us, we intreat thee, that confidence in thy

pardoning mercy, and that love, gratitude, and zeal, which may prompt us to unreserved obedience, and make us steadfast, unmoveable, and always abounding in thy work.

But, O thou heart-searching God, the imperfections and defilements of our best days and services are all open to thy view! Were the rest of our past lives buried in eternal oblivion, and an account of this one day required from us: our vain thoughts, idle words, and wrong tempers; our selfish desires and motives, and manifold omissions of duty, would leave us speechless and self-condemned before thee. Help us then, we earnestly intreat thee, to apply to our consciences that atoning blood, which cleanseth from all sin: and neither leave us to discouragement through unbelief, nor suffer us to abuse thy grace by any allowed disobedience.

Whatever we have this day attempted, which had a beneficial tendency, do thou, O merciful Father, be pleased to prosper by thy blessing; and prevent the ill consequences of our errors and offences. Sanctify to us thy dispensations, and our own experience: and help us to thank thee with unfeigned hearts for the unmerited mercies and comforts, with which we have been favoured. Bless, O Lord, all endeavours to spread thy gospel, and to promote the peace and happiness of mankind: and remember with peculiar

regard such as are laboring in remote inhospitable regions, to make known thy salvation among poor benighted Pagans.

We commend ourselves, and all belonging to us, unto thy gracious protection. Thou art ever present, and knowest all things; thy majesty and condescension, thy justice and compassion, are alike infinite and adorable. "Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as Head over all." But we are exposed to countless dangers, and are wholly unable to defend ourselves. Be thou our strong Tower, and help us to take refuge under the shadow of thy wings. Preserve us from outward calamities, and from the assaults of our spiritual enemies. Help us seriously to inquire, whether we are indeed prepared to meet our God, should we be called hence this night? That we may be enabled to close our eyes, in well grounded assurance, that death is ours; because we are Christ's; and possess the meetness for the incorruptible inheritance. Should we be spared, to awake in peace, and arise in health with the returning day: enable us, we beseech thee, to attend on thy worship and service with alacrity and gratitude. And thus may we "wait all the days of our appointed time, till our change come," with calm submission, vigilant circumspection, and patient continuance in well doing. Vouchsafe us, O gracious Father,

these and all other mercies, for the sake of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ; whom, with thee and the eternal Spirit, we would adore as the God of our salvation both now and for evermore.

Thursday Morning.

O Thou, who hast borne so long with us, and done so much for us; of whom alone cometh our salvation, and by whom we escape death! moved by the sense of our own necessities, and encouraged by the daily experience of thy mercies, we desire still to shelter ourselves under the shadow of thy wings, and to continue our supplications at the throne of thy grace: most humbly entreating thee, who fashionest the hearts of the sons of men, that thou wouldest prepare our hearts to come into thy sacred presence, and to call upon thy blessed name. O pour down upon us the spirit of grace and of supplications; yea, let thy good Spirit help our infirmities, and teach us how to pray. We, who are but poor worms, and sinful dust and ashes, have taken upon us to speak to thee, the Sovereign Majesty of heaven and earth: we, who have too much cause to fear, lest our great and manifold sins might provoke thee to hide thy face

from us, and to shut up thy loving kindness in displeasure against us. Lord, be merciful to us, sinners; for the sake of him whom thou hast exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto his people, and forgiveness of sins. Heal our souls, which have greatly sinned against thee: heal our back-slidings, and love us freely: take away our ungodliness, and thou shalt find none. Renew us daily, unto repentance; establish our hearts in thy faith and fear; and hold up our goings in thy paths, that our foot-steps slip not. Make us, in the strength of grace, go on from conquering to conquer, all the enemies of our souls, and all the hindrances of our salvation, until thou hast bruised Satan under our feet.

We bless thee for the mercies of the night: We laid us down to sleep, and have risen again, for thou hast sustained us, and made us to dwell in safety. May we ever experience the comfort of thy protection, and the help of thy salvation! may we find thee to be indeed a God of pardon, a God of sanctification, and a God of preservation! Dispose of us, we beseech thee, and of all that concerns us, this day, to the glory of thy name. Keep us, at all times, in all places, and in all companies, from the evil of sin, and from all other evils, to which the greatness of our sins make us liable. And take thou, O heavenly Father,

the charge, guidance, and government of us; lead us by thy counsel, until thou hast brought us to thy kingdom and glory; and, in the mean while, sanctify to us all thy dealings with us, and seal us thine to the day of redemption; for the sake of thy tender mercies, and the abundant merits of Jesus Christ, our blessed Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

Thursday Evening.

0 LOR^D, the infinite incomprehensible God; thou hast heaven for thy throne, and earth for thy footstool; and all things are in thy sight, and at thy disposal. Thou art the searcher of our hearts, and the overseer of our lives, here and every where present. Thou compassest our path and our lying down, and art acquainted with all our ways. Lord, put our hearts into an holy frame, fit to attend upon thy glorious, all-seeing Majesty. Work in us, by the power of thy grace, that change, which we cannot work in ourselves: for, of ourselves, we are equally vile and helpless. We were born sinners, and sinners we have lived and continued, and, by continually adding sin to sin, we have made ourselves still more the children of wrath, than we even were by nature. Justly might-

est thou withdraw thy tender mercies from us, and pour out thy wrath and indignation upon us to the uttermost; making us to find and feel, by woeful experience, what an evil and bitter thing it is, to depart from thee the living God: but thy patience is wonderful thy goodness is infinite, and as is thy Majesty, so is thy mercy. We therefore humbly beseech thee to stretch forth the hand of thy power and grace, which alone is able to set us at liberty, who are tied and bound with the chain of our sins. Call us effectually and we shall come unto thee; draw us and we shall run after thee. Cause us to feel, to abhor, and to forsake our iniquities: and, O! give us a well grounded apprehension, and a comfortable persuasion, of our being justified freely by thy grace through the redemption that is in Jesus. And, for his sake, vouchsafe us the sanctification of thy Spirit, to transform us into thy image, by the renewing of our minds, and to enable us for all the duties of thy service. Perfect, O Lord, that which concerneth us: and make us such, both in our hearts and lives, that we may enjoy thy peace below, and be meet for the inheritance of thy heavenly glory above. Satisfy us with thy favour, and grant us the reviving sense of thy gracious acceptance of us, and of thy merciful intentions towards us. Speak peace to our consciences; say, to each of our souls,

"I am thy salvation:" that we may rejoice in thee as our God, and rest upon thee as our reconciled Father in Jesus Christ. And as thou hast been good and kind to us through the day past (for which, and for the mercies of all our days, we would thankfully admire thy love, and bless thy name;) so we beg that we may experience the continuance of thy gracious goodness to us, and of thy fatherly care over us, this present night. Preserve and defend, bless and keep us, that no evil may happen to us, nor any plague come nigh our dwelling. Do thou, who givest, unto thy beloved, sleep, vouchsafe to favour us with such needful repose, as may refresh and strengthen us for thy service and our respective duties. Prepare us, great God, for the final sleep of death, and for the account we must shortly give at the judgment seat of Christ. When our souls are required of us, and we are unclothed of the body, grant that we may not be found spiritually naked: unsprinkled with the blood of thy Son, unclothed with the robe of his justifying righteousness, nor unadorned with the graces of thy sanctifying Spirit. O cause us, in this our day (the day of life, the only season of preparation,) to know, and to follow after, the things pertaining to our everlasting peace, before they are hid from our eyes, and ere death makes us wise too late. Accomplish

the work of thy grace upon our hearts, and cause us to finish the work thou hast given us to do: that whenever thou shalt be pleased to send for us away, we may have nothing to do but to depart in peace, according to thy word, to fly at the signal—to quit the body with cheerfulness—and with faith, and, without dread, resign our spirits into thy gracious hands; trusting in the riches of thy grace, and the saving merits of thy blessed Son. And, for all that he has so wonderfully effected to recover us, and to obtain eternal redemption for us; for whatever good thou hast wrought in us, and for the hope of glory thou hast given us; to thy name, O blessed God of our salvation, be the praise and honour, now and for ever. *Amen.*

Friday Morning.

0 LORD, we desire to adore thy name, which is excellent in all the earth, and whose glory is above the heavens. Thou art the maker and disposer of all things: and for thy sovereign pleasure it is, that they still exist, and were at first created. Thy hands have made and fashioned us: and all that we enjoy comes from thee. As we are the workmanship of thy power, O make us likewise thy spiritual

workmanship, created anew in Christ Jesus, unto holiness and true righteousness. Give proof that thou hast formed us for thyself, by causing us to shew forth thy praise; and by making us live to thy glory, as we do every day live upon thy bounty. But, Lord, we have not yielded thee that glory, which thou hast made us capable of, and so many ways obliged us to. We are prone to forget thee, who art never unmindful of us; and to disobey thee, whose goodness to us is unwearied. For these things, O Lord, for the sinfulness of our nature and of our lives, we desire to pour out our hearts, and to humble our guilty selves before thee: entreating thee, for the sake of thy dear Son, and of thy mercies in him, to work in us true repentance, and to grant us full and free forgiveness. Strengthen us, O Lord, with might, by thy Spirit, in the inner man, to make us watchful against, and victorious over, the corruptions of our hearts, the temptations of Satan, and the sinful cares and allurements of the world. O destroy in us every root of bitterness, every plant which thy grace hath not planted; exterminate every vicious habit and rebellious motion, which exalts itself against the knowledge of God, and against the obedience of our Lord Jesus Christ. Increase and confirm in us, more and more, thy faith, and fear, and love. Let not one grace of thy holy Spirit be wanting: let

not one be weak: but grant us such manifestations of thyself, and so conform us to the image of thy holiness, that our lives may be comfortable to ourselves, profitable to others, and bring glory to thy great name. May we still be found in the way of duty, fearing God and working righteousness; making it evident unto all that we have indeed been with Jesus; that we have learned of him; that we are influenced by his spirit; guided by his example; and are pressing forward to his kingdom. Day by day would we magnify thee, O Lord, and worship thy name for ever, world without end; who crownest every day with thy tender mercies. We bless thee for the rest, protection, and preservation, of the last night. O cause us to hear of thy loving kindness in the morning, for in thee do we trust: make us to know the way wherein we should go, for we lift up our souls unto thee. Cast us not away from thy presence; take not thy holy Spirit from us: but direct our hearts into thy love, and our feet into the way of thy testimonies. Whether we eat, or drink, or whatsoever we do, may we do all to the glory of God, and walk as seeing him that is invisible. Command thy angels to encamp around us, and to bear us in their hands: and may their God and ours be the strength of our hearts, the guide of our goings, and our portion for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Friday Evening.

O LORD, we desire to seek thy face, and to wait upon thee in the duties of thy worship. To whom should we make our applications, but unto thee, the father of mercies, and the fountain of all goodness, who art able to do exceeding abundantly for us, even above all that we are able to ask or think: O let our prayer be set forth in thy sight, as incense; and may the lifting up of our hands and hearts be a spiritual evening sacrifice, acceptable to thee, in the Son of thy love. It is in his blessed name alone, that we dare to request of thee all that thou knowest to be needful and expedient for us: seeing that there is in us no good thing to recommend us to thy favour and acceptance; but on the contrary, a proneness and inclination to what is displeasing unto thee, and destructive to our souls. For, besides that we are, by nature, children of wrath, and a seed of evil doers; we have been daily adding to the heavy score of our offences against thee. There is nothing in us, O Lord, but what may provoke thee to reject us; for all our very righteousnesses themselves are filthy rags: but there is enough, in thy beloved Son, of all grace and goodness, to make thee well pleased with us for his sake. He who knew

no sin, bore our sins, and was made a sin offering, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us near unto thee. For his sake, blot out our manifold transgressions, apply the benefits of thy salvation to our consciences, that we may be enabled to walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance: hasten thy coming and kingdom, that we, with all thy redeemed, may join in ascribing songs of praise to a triune God, for ever and ever. To the care and protection of thy almighty providence would we humbly commend ourselves this night. Take charge of us and ours, O thou Keeper of Israel, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, watch over us for good. When we sleep, let our hearts wake, and our souls lie open to the influence of thy blessed Spirit; keep us without sin by the power of thy grace: gracious Lord, shower down thy blessings upon us, the unworthy family now before thee: let the voice of joy and health be heard in this dwelling: let thy peace be within these walls, and the plenteousness of thy salvation within these gates; make this an house of prayer, and every soul within it a living temple of thee, the living God, through Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Advocate.

Amen.

Saturday Morning.

O ALMIGHTY and eternal God, we would humbly attempt to begin this day with worshipping thy great and glorious name. Thou art worthy of universal and everlasting adoration and thankful praise. Thy nature is incomprehensible, thy perfections infinite, thy goodness inexhaustible. Thou hast created all things; thou upholdest them by the word of thy power; and every one of thy works proclaims thy glory. Thou openest thy hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness: and so abundant is thy goodness, that even the sinful children of men are invited to take refuge under the covert of thy wings! Thou art "in Christ reconciling the world unto thyself:" upon thy mercy-seat thou waitest to be gracious; and thy glorious wisdom, holiness, justice, and truth, are adored by the host of heaven, whilst thou dispensest pardons and showerest down blessings, on poor sinners who call upon thee. "Thou art exalted above all blessing and praise." How then shall we, poor sinful worms, offer any acceptable tribute to thy name? Thou mightest justly reject both us and our worship, as below thy notice, or deserving thine abhorrence: yet thou con-

descendest to say even of us, mean and guilty as we are, "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me!" Yea, "thou inhabitest the praises of Israel!" Enable us, therefore, we humbly beseech thee, O merciful Father, as a holy priesthood, to offer continually such spiritual sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving, as are acceptable to thee through Jesus Christ; and do thou graciously accept our bounden duty and service, not weighing our merits but pardoning our offences, through the mediation of thy well beloved Son.

But the more we meditate on thy glories and on our obligations, the viler we appear in our own eyes; remembering our manifold rebellions and base ingratitude. Our sins are indeed innumerable and inexcusable; and we would abhor ourselves on account of them, repenting in dust and ashes. To us belong shame and confusion of face, because we have sinned against thee: but to the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness; so that our deepest humiliation may be united with prevailing hope and animating confidence. But while we rejoice in Christ Jesus, as "made unto us Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption;" may we expect the largest blessings from thy free bounty, fully convinced, that we merit nothing but thy wrath and indignation. O grant, we beseech thee, that our consciousness of guilt may en-

dear to us the love of Christ, and may teach us forbearance and compassion to the vilest and most injurious of our fellow sinners. Enable us in this manner to exercise patience and contentment; form our hearts to teachableness, and simplicity of dependence on thy promises; and teach us readily to sit down in the lowest place, and in honour to prefer others to ourselves.

O gracious Saviour, we beseech thee to establish thy kingdom, and sway thy sceptre in our hearts, and reign Lord of all our affections: baptize us with thy sanctifying Spirit: cleanse away every pollution: consume the dross of our grovelling desires and imaginations: and transform us into thine own holy image. Teach us more fervently to love thy holy name; and inspire us with pure and ardent zeal for thy glory. Communicate to us heavenly wisdom, and give us a lively relish for spiritual pleasures. Grant, we pray thee, that we may be able to distinguish things which differ, and to approve such as are most excellent. Help us to walk in wisdom towards them that are without; and to understand and practice our several duties towards all with whom we are connected, and among whom we live. Teach us, how we may escape the snares, and resist the temptations of Satan: strengthen us with all thy might by thy Spirit in the inward man, that we may

overcome the world, avoid its pollutions, renounce its friendship, and refuse conformity to all its sinful customs. Enable us to keep under the body and bring it into subjection; that so we may not use even lawful things in an inexpedient and injurious manner: and help us, in every respect, to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life.

We commend to thy care and blessing, O gracious Lord, all who are dear unto us. Teach us, we beseech thee, with persevering zeal, to use all proper means of doing them good, and of winning upon such as still neglect thy great salvation. Bless thy whole church. Endue thy ministers with wisdom, clothe them with righteousness, and make them valiant and zealous for thy truth. Enable thy people to rejoice in thee: let thy grace be sufficient for them in all their trials and temptations; give them victory in every conflict; and prosper all their endeavours to glorify thy name, and do good to mankind. Send forth thy light and truth to the nations: dispel the dark clouds of idolatry, impiety, superstition, and infidelity; and set up thy kingdom of peace and righteousness throughout the earth. Continue, we humbly beseech thee, to bless our land with peace and liberty, and the light of thy gospel; and may effectual measures be taken to stop the progress of wickedness and ungodliness; that so iniquity

may not be our ruin. Bless the President of the United States, and all placed in authority over us, with thy choicest mercies: and do thou so direct the public counsels, that such wise and salutary measures may be adopted, as thou wilt bless to the preservation of domestic harmony; the restoration and establishment of peace among the nations; the reformation of our manners, the revival of true religion, and the success of thy gospel in other parts of the world. Visit with thy tender compassion and saving grace all the sons and daughters of affliction. While thy judgments are abroad in the earth, may the inhabitants learn righteousness: and do thou, O God, be pleased to frustrate the designs of all those, who are enemies to peace and true religion.

Be graciously present with us, O merciful Father, in the various employments and occurrences of the day; may we serve thee in the discharge of every duty, from pure, evangelical motives, and with uprightness and fidelity. Leave us not, we intreat thee, to grieve thy Spirit, to wound our own consciences, to dishonour our profession, or to unfit ourselves for presenting our evening sacrifice of solemn worship. But grant, that "whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do; we may do all to the glory of thy great name."

‘ We beseech thee, O heavenly Father, to accept with mercy these our supplications; and to do for us exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think, through Jesus Christ, our great High Priest and Advocate. To whom, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, be honour and glory, throughout all ages, world without end. *Amen.*

Saturday Evening.

O Thou eternal God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being; enable us, we beseech thee, to close this week in that manner, which shall be most profitable to ourselves, and most honourable to thy name.

We have no occasion, O most righteous and holy God, to review the years which are past, in order to find cause of humiliation in thy sight: every day and every week suggests abundant matter for painful reflections, and adds to our conviction, that “we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses as filthy rags.” O Lord, if thou shouldest mark iniquity, who could stand? Enable us, therefore, to confess our sins with ingenuous and unreserved sorrow and shame; to own that they are more in number than the hairs of our head, and a sore

burden too heavy for us to bear; and to present ourselves, in deep contrition at thy throne of grace, in humble faith and reverent boldness, through our great and compassionate High Priest, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. Do thou apply the atoning blood to our consciences this evening, to purge away the guilt of the past week; that we may go to rest in peace, and not carry the guilt of any unrepented, unpardoned sin, into the ensuing week, to mar our comfort, or blast our endeavours to glorify thy name. O thou Author and Finisher of faith, help us against all the incursions of unbelief, leave us not to a dead faith and presumptuous hope; and let us not be discouraged by needless fears and scruples. Grant us peace and joy in believing; and let the love of God, shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, assure us that our hope shall never cause us to be ashamed:

While we would thus seek forgiveness of all that is past, through the blood of sprinkling; enable us also to return thee our unfeigned thanks for the mercies of the past week, and of our whole lives. Blessed be thy name, O Lord our God, for the continuance of life; the preservation, [or recovery,] of health, exemption, [or relief,] from pain; the use of our limbs, senses, and faculties; the plentiful supply of our wants; the kind-

ness of our friends, and the restraints put upon our enemies and upon wicked men; for our domestic comforts; and our privileges in this land, still favoured with liberty, peace, and the light of heavenly truth. O that we were more disposed to bless thee for thy goodness, and for thy wonderful works toward the children of men! We thank thee, for our abundant opportunities of religious improvement; for every degree of inclination to attend on them; and for all the benefit we have thus received. We ascribe it to thy special grace, that we have ever attended to thy gospel; and that we have been kept from turning back into the world, or from being entangled in any destructive or injurious delusion: nay, that we are not at this moment sitting in the seat of the scornful, or walking in the paths of vice and impiety. Another week hath now been added to the season of thy long-suffering, and to our season of preparation for eternity! through another week we have obtained help of God, and been in some measure enabled to cleave to thee! Accept our cordial thanks and praises for all thine unnumbered mercies, and grant that our future lives may evince our sincerity.

And now, O merciful God, we beseech thee, to prepare our hearts for the approaching day of sacred rest: and teach us so to arrange all our temporal concerns, that our

thoughts may not be occupied, our attention distracted, nor our minds ruffled by them, when we would wait on thee in thy holy services. Let us not deem thy Sabbaths a weariness; but our delight, our privilege, and great advantage. May the care of our own souls, and of the souls of those who belong to us, sweetly occupy the hours of the day. By self-examination, and meditation on thy word, may we obtain increasing acquaintance with ourselves, our spiritual estate, the progress we have made, or the loss we have sustained, in this important concern. Enable us, we beseech thee, to humble ourselves before thee in true repentance, and cordially to renew our acceptance of thy salvation; and, while we wait on thee, may our strength be repaired; may every grace be brought into vigorous exercise; and our knowledge of thy truth and will in all respects enlarged. Assist us in thy public worship, and favour us with thy special presence and blessing. May thy people, with whom we worship, be refreshed, comforted, and sanctified in thy courts; and grant thy special assistance and blessing to thy ministers, in their work and labour of love. Oh, that increasing numbers may be added to thy churches, of such as shall be saved; and many able and faithful labourers sent forth into the harvest; and may the Sun of righteousness diffuse his healing;

influence, wherever the sun in the firmament enlightens the nations with his beams. Hear us, O merciful Father, in these our supplications; take us under thy protection this night; fit us, both in body and soul, for the duties of the ensuing day, and by them prepare us for thy eternal sabbath, for the sake of Jesus Christ thy Son, our Lord, to whom, with thee and the Holy Spirit, be glory and honour from all creatures, now and for evermore. *Amen.*

OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.

[Extracted from Jay and Cotterill.]

First Morning of the New Year.

OF old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. Through all the successions of time, which with us constitute the past, the present, and

the future, I AM is thy name, and this is thy memorial in all generations. We desire, O God, with the profoundest reverence to contemplate the eternity of thy nature. May our minds be filled with elevation and grandeur, at the thought of a Being, with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day: a Being, who amidst all the revolutions of empire, and the lapse of worlds, feels no variableness nor shadow of turning. How glorious, with immortality attached to them, are all thy attributes; and how secure are the hopes and happiness of all those, who know thy name, and put their trust in thee.

May we rejoice, that while men die, the Lord liveth; that while all creatures are found broken reeds and broken cisterns, He is the Rock of ages, and the Fountain of living waters. O that we may turn away our hearts from vanity; and among all the dissatisfactions and uncertainties of the present state, look after an interest in that everlasting covenant, which is ordered in all things and sure. May we seek after a union with thyself, as the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever, and be partakers ourselves of the immutability we adore: for thou hast assured us, that while the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever.

We thank thee, that thou hast revealed to us the way in which a fallen, and perishing sinner can be eternally united to thyself; and that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. In his name we come; O receive us graciously; justify us freely from all things; renew us in the spirit of our minds; and bless us, with all spiritual blessings, in heavenly places in Christ.

By the lapse of our days, and weeks, and years, which we are called upon so often to remark, may we be reminded how short our life is, and how soon we shall close our eyes on every prospect below the sun: and, O, suffer us not to neglect the claims of eternity, in the pursuit of the trifles of time: but knowing how frail we are, may we be wise enough to choose that good part which shall not be taken away from us: and before we leave the present evil world, may we secure the inheritance of another and a better. May thoughts of death and eternity so impress our minds, as to put seriousness into our prayers and vigour into our resolutions; may they loosen us from an undue attachment to things seen and temporal; so that we may weep, as if we wept not; and rejoice, as if we rejoiced not.

And remembering that the present life, so short, so uncertain—and so much of which is already vanished, is the only opportunity we

shall ever have for usefulness, may we be concerned, with holy avarice, to redeem the time. May we be alive and awake, at every call of charity and piety. May we feed the hungry, and clothe the naked; may we instruct the ignorant; reclaim the vicious; forgive the offending; diffuse the gospel: and consider one another, to provoke one another unto love and good works, not forsaking the assembling ourselves together as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as we see the day approaching.

As we have entered on a new period of life, may we faithfully examine ourselves to see, what has been amiss, in our former temper or conduct; and, in thy strength, may we resolve to correct it. And may we inquire for the future—with a full determination to reduce our knowledge to practice, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

Prepare us for all the duties of the ensuing year. All the wisdom and strength, necessary for the performance of them, must come from thyself: may we, therefore live a life of self-distrust, of divine dependence, and of prayer: may we ask and receive, that our joy may be full: may we live in the spirit and walk in the spirit.

If we are indulged with prosperity, O let not our prosperity destroy us, or injure us. If we are exercised with adversity, suffer us

not to sink in the hour of trouble, or sin against God. May we know how to be abased, without despondence; and to abound, without pride. If our relative comforts are continued to us, may we love them without idolatry, and hold them at thy disposal; and if they are recalled from us, may we be enabled to say, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; and blessed be the name of the Lord.

Fit us for all events. We know not what a day may bring forth; but we encourage ourselves in the Lord our God, and go forward. Nothing can befall us by chance. Thou hast been thus far our helper; Thou hast promised to be with us in every condition; Thou hast engaged to make all things work together for our good; all thy ways are mercy and truth. May we, therefore, be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, may we make known our requests unto God; and may the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus.

Bless, O bless the young; may each of them, this day, hear thee saying, My son, give me thy heart: and, from this time, may they cry unto thee, as the guide of their youth. Regard those who have reached the years, wherein they say, We have no pleasure in them. If old in sin, may they be urged

to embrace, before it be forever too late, the things that belong to their peace; and if old in grace, uphold them with thy free Spirit, and help them to remember, that now is their salvation nearer, than when they believed.

Bless all the dear connexions attached to us by nature, friendship, or religion. Grace be to them: and peace be multiplied.

Let our country share thy protection, and smiles. Bless all our rulers and magistrates.

Bless all our churches and congregations. Bless all thy ministers; may thine ordinances in their hands be enlivening and refreshing, and thy word effectual, to wound and to heal.

May this be a year remarkable for the conversion of souls, and the extension of the gospel. Bless all missionary societies; and let the circling months see the banners of the Redeemer carried forward; till all nations are subdued to the obedience of faith. Our Father, &c. *Amen.*

Last Evening of the Year.

O God, thou hast been our refuge and dwelling place in all generations: before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou

hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. And a thousand years in thy sight, are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. But as for man, his days are as graes; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof knoweth it no more.

We appear before thee, to close in thy presence, another of the revolutions of our fleeting existence: and earnestly praying, that the season may not pass away, without suitable and serious reflections. O, let us not imagine—in spite of scripture, and observation, and reason, and feeling; that we have many of these periods left to notice; but say with Job, When a few years are come, I shall go the way whence I shall not return.—It may be only a few months, or weeks, or days, —or hours,—for we know not at what *hour* the Son of man cometh. But we know that our life is a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away: we know the frailty of our frame: and the numberless diseases and disasters to which we are exposed —so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

What numbers of our fellow-creatures, and many of them much more likely to have continued than their survivors, have, during the

past year, been carried down to their long home—but we have been preserved; and are the living to praise thee this day. Blessed be the God of salvation, to whom belong the issues from death, that we are yet in the regions of hope, that we have yet an accepted time, and a day of salvation; and that our opportunities of doing good, as well as of gaining good, are still prolonged. Yet are they all diminished by another irreparable loss; and the reduced remainder, with every trembling uncertainty attached to it, calls upon us to say with growing seriousness and zeal, I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day, the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

Thou hast commanded us to remember all the way, which thou hast led us in the wilderness. The scene of our journeying has indeed been a wilderness; but the hand that has conducted us is divine: and a thousand privileges, not derivable from our condition, have been experienced in it.

Thou hast corrected us, but it is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed.

We have had our afflictions, but how few have they been in number; how short in continuance; how alleviated in degree; how merciful in design; how instructive and useful in their results.

With regard to our severest exercises, we are compelled to acknowledge, thou hast not dealt with us after our sins, neither hast thou rewarded us according to our iniquities. It is good for me that I have been afflicted.

But O, what a series of bounties and blessings, present themselves to our minds, when we look back upon the year through which we have passed: and to what, but to thy unmerited goodness in the Son of thy love, are we indebted for all. Health, strength, food, raiment, residence, friends, relations, comfort, pleasure, hope, usefulness,—all our benefits have dropped from thy gracious hand: and there has not been a day, or an hour, or a moment, but has published thy kindness and thy care.

Especially would we acknowledge thy goodness, in continuing to us the means of grace. Whatever has been denied us, we have had the provisions of thy house. The toils and trials of the week, have been refreshed and relieved by the delights of the sabbath. Our eyes have seen our teachers: Our ears have heard the joyful sound of the gospel: and our hearts have often said, Lord, it is good for us to be here.

And O, that every moment of the past year could, if called upon—and it will be called upon, bear witness to our gratitude, love, and obedience. O, that it was not in its pow-

er to convict us, of the most unworthy requitals of thy goodness. To thee, O Lord, belong glory and honour, but to us, shame and confusion of face. O who can understand his errors. O, how many duties have we neglected or improperly performed. How little have we redeemed our time; or improved our talents. How little have we been alive to thy glory, or sought, or even seized, when presented, opportunities of serving our generation. How unprofited have we been under the richest means of religious prosperity—and when for the time we ought to be able to teach others, we have need to be again taught ourselves, what be the first principles of the oracles of God.

God be merciful to us sinners. Pardon our iniquity, for it is great. Cleanse us from all unrighteousness; and work in us to will and to do of thy good pleasure. Let us not carry one of our old sins with us into the new year—unforgiven—unrepented of—unbewailed—unabhorred. With a new portion of time, may we have new hearts; and become new creatures.

If this year we should die—and in the midst of life we are in death, may death prove our eternal gain: and if our days are prolonged, may we walk before the Lord in the land of the living, and show forth all thy praise. The number of our months are with

thee. In thy hand our breath is, and thine are all our ways. Prepare us for all; and be with us in all, and bring us safely through all, into the rest that remains for thy people: for the sake of our Lord and Saviour in whose words we call thee Our Father, &c. Amen.

Thanksgiving Morning.

O God, thou art very great, thou art clothed with honour and majesty: thou coverest thyself with light as with a garment; thou walkest upon the wings of the wind. When we reflect on the glory of thy majesty, we are filled with wonder at the vastness of thy condescension. For thou condescendest even to behold things that are in heaven. What then is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of man that thou visitest him.

We rejoice, that we are under the governance of a Being, who is not only Almighty, but perfectly righteous, and wise, and good: that all things, in our world, are appointed and arranged by thy paternal agency; that thy providence numbers the very hairs of our head, and that a sparrow falleth not to the ground, without our heavenly Father.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. We bless thee for personal mercies. If we are called, it is by thy word, if we are renewed,

it is by thy Spirit. If we are justified, it is freely by thy grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. It is in thee we live, and move, and have our Being. Thy goodness has been always near us, to hear our complaints, to sooth our sorrow, and to command deliverance for us. And numberless are the instances of loving kindness, that, now, from ignorance, or inattention, elude our notice; the discovery of which, will awaken our songs, when we mingle with those who dwell in thy house above, and are still praising thee.

We thank thee for relative benefits; for blessings on our families, blessings on our churches, and blessings on our country. We confess that we are not worthy of the least of all thy mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast showed unto thy servants. Sins of every kind, and of every degree, have reigned among us; have spread through all ranks and orders; and continued notwithstanding all warnings and corrections: and if thou hadst dealt with us, after our sins, or rewarded us according to our iniquities, we should, long ago, have had no name, or place, among the nations of the globe.

But to the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him. All thy dispensations towards us have said, with a tenderness that ought to penetrate our hearts—How shall I give thee up! Our privileges, never properly improved,

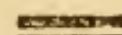
and forfeited times without number, have been continued. We still behold our sabbaths, and our ears still hear the joyful sound. Our constitution, liberties, and laws, have not been subverted, or impaired. Thou hast given us rains and fruitful seasons: thou hast filled us with the finest of the wheat: our garners have been affording all manner of store: our oxen have been strong to labour; our sheep have brought forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets. Thou hast spread thy wing, and sheltered us from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that rageth at noon-day. Civil discord has not raged among us; our shores have not been invaded; we have not heard the confused noise of warriors, nor seen garments rolled in blood—it has not come nigh us. Our enemies have often threatened to swallow us up, but the Lord has been on our side, and they have not prevailed against us. We are this day called upon to acknowledge thy goodness in (— —)

God is the Lord who hath shewed us light; bind the sacrifice with cords, even to the horns of the altar. After giving us such deliverances, may we no more break thy commandments. May we never convert our blessings into instruments of provocation, by making them the means of nourishing pride and presumption, wantonness and intemperance: and compel thee to complain—

Do ye thus requite the Lord, O foolish people, and unwise? Is not he thy Father, that hath bought thee? Hath he not made thee, and established thee?

For this purpose meet with us in thy house; and may the goings of our God and our King be seen in the sanctuary. Be with the preacher, and with the hearers; and let the words of his mouth, and the meditation of their hearts be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, our strength, and our Redeemer. May public instruction awaken the ardour of our feelings; and may our gratitude not only be lively, but practical and permanent. And by all thy mercies, may we present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto thee, which is our reasonable service.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul. *Amen.*



Thanksgiving Evening.

O GOD, thou art good, and thou doest good. Thou art good to all, and thy tender mercies are over all thy works.

We have thought of thy loving kindness this day, in the midst of thy temple; and are again surrounding this domestic altar, to exclaim, O that men would praise the Lord, for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

We lament to think, that a world so filled with thy bounty, should be so alienated from thy service and glory. We mourn over the vileness of our ingratitude, and abhor ourselves, repenting in dust and ashes.

O thou God of all grace, make us more thankful. In order that we may be more thankful, may we be more humble; impress us with a deep sense of our unworthiness, arising from the depravity of our nature, and countless instances of unimproved advantages, omitted duties, and violated commands. May we compare our condition with our desert, and with the far less indulged circumstances of others. May we never be inattentive to any of thy interpositions on our behalf: but be wise, and observe these things, that we may understand the loving kindness of the Lord.

How many blessings, temporal and spiritual, public and private, hast thou conferred upon us. Thy mercies have been new every morning, and every moment.

Our afflictions have been few and alleviated, often short in their continuance, and

always founded in a regard to our profit. Thy secret has been upon our tabernacle; and we have known thee in thy palaces for a refuge. The lines have indeed fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage. Thou hast not dealt so with any people. It is a good land, which the Lord our God has given us—a land distinguished by knowledge; dignified as the abode of civil and religious freedom; a land the Lord careth for, and upon which his eye has been from the beginning even to the end of the year.

Thou hast been a wall of fire round about us, by thy providential protection, and the glory in the midst of us, by the gospel of our salvation, the ordinances of religion, and the presence of thy Holy Spirit.

What shall we render unto the Lord, for all his benefits towards us? Because thou hast been our help, therefore under the shadow of thy wing may we rejoice. Because thou hast heard our voice and our supplication, therefore may we call upon thee as long as we live; and in every future difficulty and distress, make thee our refuge and our portion.

Enable us to bless thee at all times; may thy praise continually be in our mouth; and may we show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives.

Being delivered from the peril and calamity (of—) with which we have been exercised, may we serve thee without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of our lives.

We dare not trust our own hearts. We have often resembled thy people of old, who, in the hour of deliverance and indulgence, sang thy praise, and said—All that the Lord commandeth us, will we do: but soon forgot his works and the wonders which he had showed them. Keep these things for ever in the imagination of our hearts: and not only draw us, but bind us to thyself, with the cords of love, and the bonds of a man.

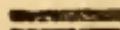
And with all our calls to gratitude and joy, may we remember that we have also reason for sorrow and humiliation. O give us that repentance which is unto life. Reform, as well as indulge us; and pardon, as well as spare. Let not our prosperity destroy us, or our table become a snare. Let us not, by our perverse returns, provoke thee to visit us with heavier inflictions; and turn the rod into a scorpion. May our ways please the Lord, that we may hope for a continuance of thy favour, and know that all things shall work together for our good.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion. Build thou the walls of Jerusalem. And as the churches have rest, may they walk in the

fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost: and be multiplied.

Bless the President of the United States, and all in authority; impart wisdom to those who conduct our public affairs: and may all the various classes in the community, pursue that righteousness which exalteth a nation, and forsake that sin which is a reproach to any people.

Regard the services in which we have been engaged with the thousands of our Israel: accept of the poor and imperfect thanksgivings we have offered; and let thy word, which has been dispensed, in aid of the devotion of the day, accomplish all the good pleasure of thy goodness—through Jesus the Lord, our righteousness and strength; and in whose words we address thee as—Our Father, &c. Amen.



Fast Day Morning.

HOLY, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of thy glory. O for such an impression of thy holiness as Isaiah had; when penetrated with a sense of his own sin, and the sin of the nation, he exclaimed, Wo is me, for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell among a people of unclean lips. Banish all insensibility and indifference from our minds, and unite our hearts to fear thy name.

We lament that the world in which we live, formed to show forth thy praise, was so early defiled by sin: that all flesh corrupted its way before God, and every imagination of the thoughts of the heart, was only evil continually. We adore thy awful but righteous displeasure in bringing the flood upon the world of the ungodly, and taking them all away.

Yet even this tremendous desolation, did not hinder the renewed human race from rebelling against thee: and a long succession of private and public calamities, proclaims the desperate depravity of our nature, and the evil of sin. Our world is the empire of death, a vale of tears; and tempests, and earthquakes, and war, and pestilence, and famine, scatter the tokens of thy wrath, for thou distributest sorrows in thine anger.

Thy judgments are now abroad in the earth—may the inhabitants thereof learn righteousness. They have reached and invaded us—may we lay them to heart, and be suitably impressed, with the afflicted circumstances of the country to which we belong.

We have been equally distinguished by privileges and guilt; and it is impossible for us to review the one, without being reminded of the other. An innumerable multitude of natural, providential, and religious benefits, has distinguished our portion. The lines have

fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage. At an early period the gospel visited our shores, and has continued in the midst of us to this hour. We have lived under the administration of laws, just, mild, and beneficent. We have enjoyed civil and religious freedom. The Scriptures have not been withheld from us, nor have our teachers been removed into a corner—but our eyes have seen our teachers; and sitting under our own vine and fig-tree, none has dared to make us afraid. In our dangers, thou hast appointed salvation for walls and bulwarks: the earth has yielded to us her increase; and God, even our own God, has blessed us.

It is impossible for us to express, or conceive, the obligations we are under to love and serve thee.

But we know—and O help us to feel, how unworthily and ungratefully we have behaved ourselves, towards our adorable Benefactor. We are a sinful nation, a seed of evil doers; children that are corrupters. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint: from the crown of the head, even to the sole of the foot, there is no soundness, but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores. O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee, but to us, shame and confusion of face, as at this day, to our princes and our rulers. But to the Lord

our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him. We are proofs ourselves, that thy compassions fail not—hence though corrected, we are not consumed: and though guilty, we are yet allowed and invited to enter thy presence.

With deep humiliation, not unmixed with hope, may we approach the throne of thy grace, at this time of need. O be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause thy face to shine upon us, that we may be saved. For the sake of thy dear Son, who died the just for the unjust, by whose name we are called—behold a country prostrate at thy footstool; and hear the voice, which will issue to day, from so many temples and closets, saying, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach.

Remove, if it please thee, the blow of thy heavy hand, in the calamity which we are deplored; and after giving us such a deliverance as this, may we no more break thy commandments. Or if thou hast determined to continue the correction, O correct us, but with judgment, not in thine anger, lest thou bring us to nothing.

Aid thy people in the private and public devotions of the day. Pour out a spirit of grace and of supplication, that we may sorrow after a godly sort. May thy ministers be faithful and fearless: may they cry aloud, and spare

not; but lift up their voice like a trumpet, and shew thy people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sin.

And let the word that is to be spoken, be quick and powerful, sharper than any two edged sword, piercing, even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and be a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Our Father, &c. *Amen.*

Fast Day Evening.

O Gon, thou hast established thy throne in the heavens, and thy kingdom, ruleth over all. We prostrate ourselves before thee, deeply impressed with a sense of the vastness of thy agency and dominion. Thou changest the times and the seasons: thou removest kings, and settest up kings. Empires rise and fall, and fade and flourish, at thy bidding: and all nations are in thy hand, but as clay in the hand of the potter.

But none of thy dispensations are arbitrary. Whatever thou doest, is done, because O Father, it seemeth good in thy sight: and thy judgment is always according to truth. Thou

art holy in all thy ways, and righteous in all thy works—and thou art good: even in wrath thou rememberest mercy: and dost not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.

Therefore it is, that we have been this day humbling ourselves in thy presence.

For we acknowledge that we have been deeply guilty. Thou hast nourished and brought up children, but we have rebelled against thee. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but we have not known, we have not considered. Thou hast given us our corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplied our silver and gold: and we have prepared them for Baal. Because of swearing the land has mourned. Pride has compassed us about as a chain. Discontent has rebelled against thy appointments. How has the love of money, which is the root of all evil, abounded among us. How have thy sabbaths been profaned, and thy ordinances disregarded. How has the gospel been undervalued, neglected, despised.

And all our transgressions have been more aggravated than those of any other people, because thou hast favoured us unspeakably more, than all the families of the earth.

Therefore, thou couldst easily and justly have destroyed us: but thou hast not stirred up all thy wrath. In all that has come upon us, for our evil deeds, thou hast punished us less

than our iniquities deserve. Yet thou hast testified thy displeasure, and visited us with thy judgments: so that when we looked for light and peace, we have seen darkness and trouble.

O let us not be inattentive to the design of thy dealings, or insensible under thy rebukes. O let it not be said of us, as it was of the Jews, The harp, and the viol, and the tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts, but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hand. Thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved; thou hast consumed them, but they have refused to receive correction: they have made their faces harder than the rock; they have refused to return.

In the way of thy judgments, O Lord, may we wait for thee. Thou hast said, Is any afflicted? let him pray. Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me. Fulfil the word unto thy servants, upon which thou hast caused us to hope. And O, let not the calamity be removed only, but above all sanctified: let it appear that we have heard the rod, and Him that appointeth it: and be able to say, It is good for us that we have been afflicted.

For which purpose, bless, we beseech thee, the word of thy grace, which has been spoken: and grant that the professed humiliation

of the day, may be real—for thou lookest to the heart. And let it also be universal: may it extend from the highest to the lowest: may it pervade the court and the country: may it enter every church, and every family—let none of us lose sight of ourselves, in the public calamity. May each individual retire and ask, What have I done?—and what wilt thou have me to do? And though other lords have had dominion over us, henceforth, by thee only, may we make mention of thy name.

And thus may we be reformed, and not destroyed. Thus may we be a holy, that we may be a happy people, whose God is the Lord. Return O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad, according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants; and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of thy hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it.

And to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be rendered the kingdom, power, and glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Under Family Affliction.

MORNING OR EVENING.

ALMIGHTY God, the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation, our only help in time of need, we flee unto thee for succour in this season of tribulation and distress. Out of the deeps we call unto thee, O Lord, Lord hear our voice. O let thine ears consider well the voice of our complaint.

We acknowledge, O God, that for our iniquities we are visited, and for our sins are we troubled. We are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, because we have been transgressors from the womb. And if thou shouldst be extreme to mark what we have done amiss, our present sorrows would only be the beginning of sorrows, which should know no end. Wherefore should a living man complain? a man for the punishment of his sins?

But thou art gracious and merciful; full of compassion and of great goodness. Thou hast not dealt with us according to our sins; not rewarded us according to our iniquities. Blessed be thy name that thou not only hast opened unto us a way of escape from the wrath to come, but hast mercifully ordained

the sufferings of the present life to work together for good to them that love thee.

Thy wise providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without thy knowledge and appointment; and the very hairs of our head are all numbered. Thou assurest us, that thou dost not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, but for their profit, that they may be partakers of thy holiness. Whom thou lovest thou chastest; and scourgest every son whom thou receivest.

Thou afflictest us to humble us, and to prove us, and to know what is in our hearts; and whether we will love thee and keep thy commandments, or no.

Give us grace therefore to consider in this day of our adversity, wherefore thou contendest with us, and art wroth. Let us not despise thy chastening, nor faint when we are rebuked of thee; nor be weary of thy correction. But let us be still, and know that thou art God. In patience enable us to possess our souls. Grant that our tribulation may work patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and our hope, let it not make ashamed; but let thy love be shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Ghost given unto us. Let us not cast away our confidence, which hath great recompence of reward. Though troubled on every side, let us not be distressed;

though perplexed, let us not be in despair; though cast down, let us not be destroyed. And be pleased to cause our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, to work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. Though no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, yet afterwards let it yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto us who are now exercised thereby. Grant that we may find it good to be afflicted, and see that thou, of very faithfulness, hast caused us to be in trouble. And whenever it may please thee to deliver us out of the miseries of this sinful world, of thy gracious goodness, receive us into that blessed kingdom, where thou shalt wipe away all tears from our eyes; where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

We beseech thee, also, O Lord, to have compassion on our brethren and companions in tribulation.

Have mercy upon all sick persons; and make all their bed in their sickness. Eternal God, be thou their refuge, and place underneath them thy everlasting arms. Look

graciously upon them, O Lord: and the more the outward man decayeth, strengthen them, we beseech thee, so much the more continually by thy grace and Holy Spirit in the inward man. Give them unfeigned repentance for all the sins of their past lives, and steadfast faith in thy Son Jesus; that their sins may be done away by thy mercy, and their pardon sealed in heaven, before they go hence, and are no more seen.

We commend into thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour, the souls of those who are departing this life; most humbly beseeching thee that they may be precious in thy sight. Wash them, we pray thee, in the blood of that spotless Lamb, which was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements they may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and wicked world, through the lusts of the flesh, or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, they may be presented pure and without spot, before thee.

Be gracious also unto thy people who are weeping, and refuse to be comforted, for the loss of beloved friends and relations, departed this life in thy faith and fear. Let them not be sorry, as men without hope, for those that sleep in thee: but comfort them with the joyful expectation, that they shall see each other again at the resurrection in the last day.

May it please thee, likewise, to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed.

And, since many are the afflictions of the righteous, Lord remember them, and all their troubles. Regard those, who are in heaviness through manifold temptations. Graciously hear us, that those evils, which the craft and subtily of the devil or man worketh against them be brought to nought; and by the providence of thy goodness they may be dispersed; that they, thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee, and glorify thy name.

Finally, we commend to thy fatherly goodness all others, who are any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate. That it may please thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities; giving them patience under their sufferings: and a happy issue out of all their afflictions.

[Hear us, especially, in behalf of thy servant, for whom we desire especially to pray. We look up unto thee, O thou compassionate Saviour, who wast thyself a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. O thou, who didst weep at the tomb of Lazarus, and art still touched with the feeling of our infirmities, pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts, and graciously look upon our afflictions. O thou, who, of old, didst cure all man-

ner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people, be gracious unto us. Let not this sickness be unto death; but for the glory of thy name. Speak the word only, and thy servant shall be healed. Have mercy upon him, O Lord, have mercy upon him; and not on him only: but on us also, lest we should have sorrow upon sorrow. If it be possible, let this cup pass away from us, without our drinking all its bitterness; but, if not, thy will be done. Only be pleased to sanctify this thy fatherly correction to him, that the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith, and efficacy to his repentance: that, if it should be thy good pleasure to restore him to his former health, he may lead the residue of his life in thy fear, and to thy glory; or else, give him grace so to take thy visitation, that after this painful life is ended, he may dwell with thee in life everlasting.]

And this we beg for Jesus Christ's sake.

Our Father, &c.

Grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and from the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, be unto us, this day [night] and for evermore. *Amen.*

THE END.

